

# SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

NOVEMBER 17, 1958

*America's National Sports Weekly*

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# SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



Case: Mr. and Mrs. John Olin ▶

Nile Farms, near Alton, Ill., is the favorite hunting area of Industrialist Olin and his attractive wife Evelyn. For the story of Nile, and Olin's crusade for better dogs and better hunting, see page 32.

Photograph by Jack Weiner

## Next week

### SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



▶ A Preview of the Army-Navy game, traditional climax of fall's football season, which will again be seen on coast-to-coast TV. Plus exciting reports on the two teams.

▶ Sportsworld Look previews the winter's fashions. From new to run, the latest in fur-trimmed parkas and beach clothes. 79 items in all, along with guides on where to buy.

▶ Veteran Journalist Stanley Frank takes a disgusted look at statistics "the numbers nonsense"—and charges they have ruined many a game and many a sportswriter as well.

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## MEMO from the publisher

A FEW WEEKS AGO, as often happens, various SPORTS ILLUSTRATED assignments scattered various people all over the globe. While Herb Wind, for instance, was in Scotland for golf and Tex Maule in Cleveland for football, Don Connery was in Australia for Herb Elliott. And more than a continent split our SPORTING LOOK editors, Fred R. Smith and Jo Ahern Zill, who nevertheless were working on the same story.

The story, which appears in next week's issue, is a profusely illustrated 15-page (three in color) PREVIEW of the SPORTING LOOK for winter. It is the second in what is planned as a continuing seasonal series (the first, autumn, was published on September 15).

Smith was in Bermuda, preparing in an authentic background his report on what sun-seeking resorters will be wearing in the next few months. For those in the swim, however, world headquarters are elsewhere. The news in beachwear and swimsuits comes from the West Coast—which is why Mrs. Zill was there.

But for the SPORTING LOOK, as for sport itself, winter means snow as much as sun and sand. So from fur-trimmed parkas to stretch pants, the PREVIEW also introduces the clothes for skiers who want to stay attrac-

tively warm when it's attractively cold. In all, the PREVIEW presents some 70 different items of apparel, together with the stores where you can find them and their prices.

Although an innovation, the PREVIEWS are a logical extension of the basic purpose of the SPORTING LOOK, which is to tell the news of sport in clothes. Tied to the predictable seasons, they are regular supplements to the unpredictable story of what clothes do for sports and what sports do for clothes—a story which SPORTS ILLUSTRATED of course will continue to report as it happens.

This means for Editors Smith and Zill a full schedule of year-round

travel and attendance at sporting events of all kinds, from regattas to horse shows, from baseball games to bonspiels. In fact, they probably see a greater variety of sports activities than any other members of our staff because the SPORTING LOOK not only reports what people have on their backs but also what stores have on their racks.

Thus one conviction which the SPORTING LOOK's editors share is well founded in on-the-scene observation. Fred Smith puts it this way: "Sports bring out the best in people and people in the best of clothes."



ZILL AND SMITH

*Harry R. ...*

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## Jimmy Jemxil's HOTBOX



**THE QUESTION:** *Should a husband try to teach his wife to ski?*



**MRS. AVERELL  
HARRIMAN**  
Albany, N.Y.

Yes, if the husband is a good skier. A man proficient in sports should be a good instructor. My husband was one of the first to ski down the N.Y. State development at Whiteface Mountain, in which he has taken such a great interest.



**MRS. NELSON A.  
ROCKEFELLER**  
New York City

I think it's fine for a husband to teach his wife to ski, providing, of course, that he himself is a good skier and a good teacher. Skiing is a beautiful sport, one that husbands and wives can particularly enjoy together, and I love it.



**JOSEPH T.  
MONTESANI**  
Sportsman  
New York and  
Palm Beach

No. The first thing I saw at the hotel in Aspen, Colo. was a woman being wheeled out with a cast on her leg. Another had a cast on her arm. If a wife broke a limb while her husband was teaching her, she'd nag him the rest of her life.

*continued*



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**NOTES** continued



**GARY COOPER**  
Actor  
Hollywood

Yes. As it happened, my wife and I learned to ski together, and we helped each other a lot. Later, I taught our daughter to ski. Skiing is wonderful for the family and the one sport in which you can forget all material things.



**MRS. EDMUND S. MUSKIE**  
Augusta, Me.

Although my husband used to compete in the jumping competitions, I think a wife should first seek a ski instructor. Husbands do not have that much patience. On the other hand, they are simply divine with children.



**MRS. SEPP RUSCINI**  
Wife of General Manager, Mt. Mansfield Co. Store, Vt.

No. When a woman knows a man too well, she talks back to him: "You taught me differently yesterday. Why change today? Don't you know what you're doing?" The wife should let her husband enjoy his skiing and learn from an instructor.



**YVETTE LAURION**  
Care worker  
Montreal

Yes. In Montreal the husbands teach their wives everything. The husbands are the bosses. When a husband says to his wife: "You have to ski the way I teach you," she does. She never talks back to him. That's as it should be.



**MRS. FRED ISELIN**  
Wife of co-director,  
Aspen Ski School  
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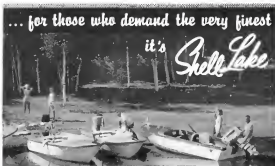
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# FOOTBALL'S 8<sup>TH</sup> WEEK

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## THE SOUTHWEST

For better than 59 minutes, Rice's fired-up Owls showed they were singularly unimpressed by awesome A&M. Their forwards treated Pete Dawkins and Bob Anderson like mere mortals, holding them to a combined gain of 19 yards, and the Owls were ready, even willing, to settle for a 7-7 tie. But with only 58 seconds remaining, Dawkins grabbed Quarterback Joe Caldwell's perfect middle-alley pass on the dead run and churned through

lied over from the five-yard line with 11 seconds to go. Oldtimers agreed it was the greatest cliffhanger in the 35-year-history of Pitt Stadium.

Picking up the scent of Orange blossoms, Syracuse gave all hands a go at poor Boston U., rumbling past the futile Terriers 42-0 to move a step closer to a New Year's Day date in Miami.

Brown tied the Ivy League in a neat little knot, knocking Cornell from its lofty perch 12-3 and into a three-way



**BACK OF THE WEEK:** SMU Quarterback Don Meredith, faking Texas A&M dizzy, t-tice tucked back on hip and stole around end for TDs, paved for third in 33-0 win.



**LINEMAN OF THE WEEK:** Ohio State Tackle Jim Marshall was like a fifth back, scoring on romps with blocked punt, intercepted pass in 14-14 draw with Purdue

the haze of humidity-drenched Rice Stadium to complete a 64-yard touchdown play for a 14-7 victory.

Meanwhile, back in the Southwest Conference, pass-happy SMU moved up to challenge first-place TCU and Rice. With Quarterback Don Meredith (see above) hale and hearty again after early-season miseries, the Mustangs pranced over Texas A&M 33-0. Texas, nearly pitched into oblivion by Baylor's Buddy Humphrey, pulled itself together to beat the Bears 20-15. TCU routed Marquette 35-8. The top three:

1. TCU (9-0-0)
2. RICE (4-0-0)
3. SMU (4-0-0)

## THE EAST

Pittsburgh, with its early 15-0 lead scuttled by the pro-efficient passing of Natsie Dame's George Igo (18 of 26 for 332 yards and two touchdowns), were all but beaten 26-22 with six minutes to play. But the Panthers went on the prowl and pulled out a 29-26 victory when Quarterback Bill Kallden, rolling out behind a horde of crashing blockers, huz-

deadlock with Princeton and Dartmouth. A hard-charging Bruin line rushed Cornell's Quarterback Tom Skyspeck all afternoon and provided more than adequate protection for its own Quarterback Frank Finney, who passed for both Brown touchdowns. Among the other Ivies, Princeton called gambling Charlie Ravenel's bluffs to beat Harvard 16-14; Dartmouth hardly drew a deep breath while whipping Columbia 35-0; Penn set down Yale 30-6.

Navy found a crunching fallback in Joe Matulavage (see page 10) as the Mid-dies beat Maryland 40-14; Quarterback Tommy Greene ran and passed Holy Cross to a 26-0 win over Colgate; Un-beaten Rutgers outscored Lafayette 18-0. The top three:

1. ARMY (9-0-1)
2. SYRACUSE (9-1-0)
3. MIT (8-2-1)

## THE MIDWEST

The Big Ten, year in and year out the best matched group of teams in the nation, produced its champion earlier than usual when Iowa stormed by Minnesota

continued

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## FOOTBALL'S 8TH WEEK continued

28-6 to win the title and a bid to the Rose Bowl. Quarterback Randy Duncan, with two scoring passes, and feet-footed Halfback Willie Fleming, who rumped 46 and 53 yards, put the icing on the cake for the jubilant Hawkeyes.

Relegated to the list of also-rans were Northwestern's surprising Wildcats, who gave it the good fight before howling to Wisconsin 17-13, and Purdue, tied by Ohio State 14-14 when bruising Buckeye Tackle Jim Marshall (see page 7) scored twice. In other games, Indiana End Earl Faison ran a blocked field goal back 92 yards to beat Michigan State 6-0; Illinois' Rich Kreitling snared three scoring passes to defeat Michigan 21-8.

Oklahoma sputtered but finally overcame Iowa State 20-0; Missouri swamped Colorado 33-5. The top three:

1. IOWA (6-0-1)
2. OKLAHOMA (5-0-0)
3. WISCONSIN (5-1-1)

### THE SOUTH

LSU and Auburn, the two best teams in the South, finally exploded with all their might. LSU, striking from all over the field, manhandled Duke 50-18, and Auburn, finding an offensive spark in sub Halfback Jim Pettus (see page 10), rolled over Mississippi State 33-14.

Mississippi, beaten by LSU the last time out, poured it on Houston 56-7, while bowl-conscious North Carolina, still on the upbeat, dlobbered Virginia 42-0.

There were even cheers for the smaller schools. Unbeaten Mississippi Southern aimed its big guns at North Carolina State and brought down the Wolfpack 26-14; Sewanee downed Washington and Lee 12-0 to remain undefeated. Chattanooga turned on Tennessee 14-6 for the first time in 51 years, bringing a promise from Coach Scrappy Moore: "I'll live today the rest of my life."

continued

## 8TH WEEK LEADERS

(NCAA Statistics)

SCORING	TD	PAT	FG	PTS.
Bill Austin, Rutgers	13	6	0	72
Dirk Bass, COP	16	4	0	84
Ron Barton, Northwestern	10	4	0	64

RUSHING	Y	TD	AVG.
Dirk Bass, COP	129	9	7.2
Bill Austin, Rutgers	134	6	4.3
Don Perkins, New Mexico	100	6	5.7

PASSING	Y	TD	PCT.	PTS.
Halsh Burmaster, Ariz.	143	7	54.6	54
Buddy Hancock, Baylor	131	7	53.6	54
Rich Mayo, Air Force	121	7	54.7	54

TOTAL OFFENSE	Y	P	PTS.
Bill Holeslaw, Va. Tech.	391	8	1,094
Charles Miltzard, Texas A&M	225	7	1,094
Dirk Longfellow, W Va.	209	7	1,094

TOTAL TEAM OFFENSE	PLAYS	YDS.	PTS.	AVG.
Iowa	436	2,779	39	11
Army	499	2,701	30	9
Air Force	528	2,688	30	7

TOTAL TEAM DEFENSE	PLAYS	YDS.	PTS.	AVG.
Auburn	360	375	129	9
Purdue	377	1,143	162	3
North Texas State	436	1,484	185	5



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Georgia Tech moved past ponderous Clemson 13-0; Florida edged Georgia 7-6; Vanderbilt tied Kentucky 0-0 for its third muddy deadlock; Tulane beat Alabama 13-7; Florida State downed hapless Miami 17-6. The top three:

1. LSU (9-0-0)
2. Auburn (6-0-1)
3. Mississippi (2-4-0)



**NEW FACES OF THE WEEK:** Hard-running Navy Fullback Joe Matalavage (left) scored twice as Middlesboro mauls Maryland 40-14; another sophomore, Auburn Halfback Jim Pettus, caught three TD passes in 35-14 win over Mississippi State.

#### THE WEST

When asked for a résumé of football in the West as the season was nearing its end, Los Angeles Correspondent James Murray replied succinctly: "On the basis of today's play, we would rate the Air Force No. 1 in the West, followed loosely (and we use the word *advisedly*) by California, USC, Washington State, Oregon and, probably, Manual Arts High. (We are kidding. Actually Santa Monica High is better.) But it would be impossible to find 10 'top' teams on the Coast in this year of our Lord. The Ivy League looks ferocious by comparison."

But someone has to win, even on the West Coast, and last week it was California's turn to inch back into the PCC lead, beating UCLA 20-17, while Washington State upset Oregon State 7-0.

In other games USC defeated Washington 21-6; Oregon held off Stanford 12-0; Air Force squeaked by Denver 10-7. The top three:

1. AIR FORCE (4-0-1)
2. CALIFORNIA (3-0-0)
3. COLORADO (2-0-0)

#### TOP 10 SMALL COLLEGES (NAIA ratings)

1. NORTHEAST DELAWARE (8-0)
2. ARIZONA ST. (PLACATEAF) (6-0)
3. WILLAMETTE (5-0)
4. ST. BENEDICT'S (3-0)
5. MISSOURI VALLEY (2-0)
6. GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS (2-0)
7. EAST TEXAS STATE (1-1)
8. KEARNEY STATE (0-0)
9. HOOLE TENNESSEE (1-1)
10. LENOIR RHYME (0-0)



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## RED GRANGE PREDICTS

### CORNELL VS. DARTMOUTH

The winner will be in a good spot to grab a piece or all of the Ivy League title. A battle of defensive lines, and I think the Indians can hold the Big Red. DARTMOUTH.

### YALE VS. PRINCETON

The Elis are having their troubles, and the Tigers, loaded with good tailbacks, will be out to keep their Ivy hopes alive in this NCAA regional telecast. I'll be working the game on NBC-TV, so no prediction.

### IOWA VS. OHIO STATE

The Hawkeyes, with the Big Ten crown and a trip to Pasadena already in their pocket, may suffer a letdown, but not enough to open the gates for an offense-poor Ohio State team. IOWA.

### PURDUE VS. NORTHWESTERN

Northwestern seems to have slimmered down a little. Purdue, beaten only by Wisconsin, packs too much all-round power for the eager Wildcats. PURDUE.

### OKLAHOMA VS. MISSOURI

Missouri, after surprising Colorado, will be shooting for the Big Eight crown and the Orange Bowl. But the Tigers must contend with a Sooner team which has been coming fast. I can't pick against OKLAHOMA.

### NOTRE DAME VS. NORTH CAROLINA

North Carolina has shown rapid improvement under Coach Jim Tatum but the Tar Heel defense will be under severe pressure when Notre Dame's George Igo begins to toss those long ones. On passing alone, it must be NOTRE DAME.

### MISSISSIPPI STATE VS. LSU

The Tigers are still unbeaten and State doesn't have the means to stop them. Rabb's passing, Cannon's running and a great line spell victory for LSU.

### AIR FORCE VS. WYOMING

The Air Force Falcons are flying high ahead of schedule and have too many good ballplayers for Wyoming. AIR FORCE.

### RICE VS. TEXAS A&M

The Owls went down to the last minute before losing to Army. They'll have less trouble with Texas A&M. Even without a great passer, the winner must be RICE.

### TCU VS. TEXAS

Texas hasn't been able to get untracked since upsetting Oklahoma. TCU has a lot of good backs and they will run all over the Longhorns. TCU.

LAST WEEK'S PREDICTIONS:  
5 RIGHT; 5 WRONG; 1 TIE  
RECORD TO DATE - 45-26-4

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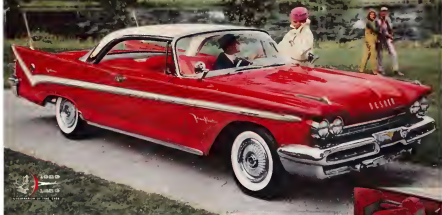
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# COMING EVENTS

November 14 to November 20  
All times E & T.

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## Friday, November 14

**BASKETBALL** (pre):  
Philadelphia at St. Louis  
Syracuse at Detroit

• **BOXING**  
Ray vs. Anchang, light flyweight, 10 rds.,  
Mad 24 Garden, New York, 10 p.m. NBC

• **HORSE SHOW**  
Royal Winter Fair, Toronto (through Nov. 22)

## Saturday, November 15

**BASKETBALL** (pre):  
Cincinnati at Boston  
Detroit at St. Louis  
Minneapolis at Philadelphia  
New York at Syracuse

• **DOG SHOW**  
Cavalier Royal Club, Yonkers, N. Y.

• **FOOTBALL** (college):  
Arlington St. at Florida  
Auburn vs. Georgia at Columbus  
Clemson at North Carolina St.  
Columbia at Syracuse  
LSU vs. Mississippi St. at Jackson, N.  
Mississippi at Tennessee  
Missouri at Oklahoma

• North Carolina at Notre Dame, 1:50 p.m., ABC

• Ohio St. at Iowa  
Purdue at Northwestern  
Rutgers at Quinnipiac  
SMU at Arkansas  
Texas at TCU

• Texas A&M at Rice  
V. Bennett at Army, 3:35 p.m. (Mutual),  
Woonsocket at Boston

• Wrestling at Art Foy's Academy

• Big Ten game (NBC) •  
• Eastern regional game (NBC) •  
• Pacific Coast regional game (NBC) •

• **GOLF**  
All Star Golf, Stranahan vs. De Lencastre, Bora  
Reese, Fla., 5 p.m. on each time zone ABC

• **HOCKEY**  
Boston at New York  
Detroit at Toronto  
• Montreal at Chicago, 2:00 p.m. (CBC)

• **HORSE RACING**  
Griffith Fox Handicap, \$75,000, Jamaica, N. Y.  
Fairfax Hunt Meeting, Sunset Hills, Va.

## Sunday, November 16

• **BASKETBALL** (pre):  
• Minneapolis at New York, 2:00 p.m. (NBC)

• **DOG SHOW**  
New York Royal Club Show, Newark, N. J.

• **FOOTBALL** (pre):  
• Baltimore at Chicago Bears, CBS •  
• Chicago V. 17th at Philadelphia •  
• Cleveland at Washington, CBS •  
• Los Angeles at Green Bay, CBS •  
• New York at Pittsburgh, CBS •  
• San Francisco at Detroit, CBS •

• **HOCKEY**  
Detroit at Chicago  
Montreal at New York  
Toronto at Boston

• **HOLLY DERBY**  
• Holly Derby, New York, 3:30 p.m. (ABC)

## Tuesday, November 18

• **BASKETBALL** (pre):  
Boston vs. Detroit, St. Louis vs. Syracuse at  
St. Louis

• **HOCKEY**  
Boston at Detroit

## Wednesday, November 19

• **BOXING**  
Griffith vs. Wells, middle, 10 rds., San Francisco, 10 p.m. (ABC)

• **HOCKEY**  
Boston at Chicago  
Toronto at New York

## Thursday, November 20

• **GOLF**  
LPGA Cup Matches, Mount City (through  
Nov. 22)  
West Palm Beach Open, \$15,000, West Palm  
Beach, Fla. (through Nov. 22)

\*See local listing



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NOVEMBER 17, 1958

# GIANT-SIZE

Photographs by Richard Mark



NEW YORK'S BIGGEST PRO FOOTBALL CROWD (71,163) PACKS YANKEE STADIUM, SEES THE HOME TEAM END GOLT WIN STREAK

**GIANT AUDACITY** began on first play of game when Frank Gifford, taking handoff from old, bold Charley Conerly, tossed ball for 68-yard run-pass play to loose end Bob Schnelker (85).

**GIANT TRICKERY** freed End Kyle Rote for touchdown pass



# CHAIN REACTION

The atomic New York Giants fissure the Colts and (helped

by Lions and Bears) lighten the pro race

by **TEX MAULE**

THE CROWD had the uninhibited exuberance of college sophomores at the biggest game in the nation's biggest city on pro football's biggest weekend of the season. Some 10,000 grade-A fans who had made the 186-mile trip from Baltimore helped swell the attendance to 71,163, a record for professional football in New York; they whooped and howled and noisily followed the cues of a dozen short-skirted young ladies who led cheers, but all in vain. When the day ended the Baltimore Colts had lost to the New York Giants 24-21, setting off a chain reaction which tightened up the race in both conferences in the National Football League. The Giant victory lifted that team into a tie for first place in the Eastern Conference with the Cleveland Browns, who before 75,563 fans in Municipal Stadium lost to Detroit 30-10. The loss dropped the Colts within reaching distance of the second-place Chicago Bears, 24-10 victors over Green Bay, and third-place Los Angeles, 56-7 winners over San Francisco before 95,982 in Memorial Coliseum.

The mammoth crowd in New York watched a tremendously exciting game. The Colts, with their No. 1 quarterback, John Unitas, still in the hospital with broken ribs suffered last week, came into the game feeling an apprehension which quieted the dressing room as the players suited up. They were still a bit jittery when the Giants took over after the kickoff, and Quarterback Charley Conerly, a grizzled, gray-haired veteran who is as cool as an Eskimo chessplayer, promptly staggered Baltimore by calling a daring first play which saw Halfback Frank Gifford hurl a 63-yard pass-run to End Bob Schnelker thereby setting up an immediate Giant touchdown. The Colts fought back, but this wasn't their day. The incredible Giant defensive platoon clamped down on the wonderfully varied Colt offense. Shooting two linebackers through gaps in the Colt line during the first half, the Giant defenders had trouble putting pressure on George Shaw, filling in for Unitas. Shaw, taking advantage of this and the fact that the Giants

put two men on Ray Berry, league-leading pass receiver, threw his most effective passes to Halfback Lenny Moore. Then when the Giant defense had become Moore-conscious, he hit Berry for a touchdown.

But the Giant offense was rolling, too. Kyle Rote, after running, over and over again, a pattern which sent him down to Milt Davis, the Colt defensive halfback, then in toward the middle of the field, informed Conerly that he had Davis set up for a fake. On the next play Rote went down, cut to the middle, then cut back again into the corner of the Colt end zone. Conerly's pass was a trifle long, but Rote left his feet in a wonderful diving try, caught the ball and skidded out of the end zone on his head and shoulder, leaving a long dark scar across the turf. The Giants played audaciously after that; their pregame strategy had been to sweep the Colt flank manned by End Don Joyce and Linebacker Leo Sanford on the theory that Joyce has less lateral speed than Gino Marchetti, the other Colt end. The strategy worked and, late in the game, the Giants doubled up on both Berry and Moore and stifled a Colt air attack. It was a beautifully conceived strategy for the Giants and put them where they deserve to be: alongside Cleveland in first place.

**END**

behind Colt Defender Milt Davis. Rote, flying through the air, made twisting, diving catch.

**GIANT MISTAKE** allowed Colts' Lenny Moore to haul in this desperate pass from George Shaw in last quarter as Halfback Linden Crow watches sadly.



# THE BANDITS OF BATON

**Eleven substitutes, plus a talented halfback and family man named Billy Cannon, have brought glory to Louisiana State**

by ROY TERRELL

LOUISIANA STATE UNIVERSITY is one of the South's great colleges, and it has been around for a long time. Its first president was a young Army officer named William Tecumseh Sherman, and it once had a cheerleader named Huey Long. At one time LSU also had an undefeated and untied football team, but that was in 1908, and nothing quite so exciting has happened in all the years since. Or at least not until now. Maybe the reason is that LSU, in the past 50 years, has had nothing like Billy Abb Cannon and 11 other young men known as the Chinese Bandits.

Saturday night in Baton Rouge, LSU overwhelmed Duke 50-18, thereby winning its eighth ball game of 1958. It was the first time since 1929 that anyone had scored 50 points against a Duke team. Cannon caught a 63-yard touchdown pass, raced 25 yards for another score and kicked two extra points. Coach Paul Dietzel's quick and lean and hungry young men took advantage of every break—most of which they made for themselves, which is always the mark of a good football team—and swarmed all over the hapless Blue Devils from Durham like a cloud of angry bees. And the Chinese Bandits blocked a punt, recovering the ball on the Duke two to set up a touchdown, which they subsequently scored themselves to the great delight of the vast crowd. Despite their other talents, the Bandits do not score many touchdowns.

When it was all over, no one in the wildly ecstatic crowd which jammed Tiger Stadium to the light standards, no one in the vicinity of football-crazed Baton Rouge, no one in the entire state of Louisiana doubted

that this was the No. 1 college football team in the land. And Iowa, Army and Auburn to the contrary, they were almost certainly right.

Picked to finish far down in the 12-team Southeastern Conference before the season began, the Tigers have been chewing up everything that has come their way, including good ball clubs like Rice and Florida and Mississippi and Duke.

The problems which faced Dietzel this year were simple enough. He had all the ingredients for a ferocious backfield, with Cannon, two speedsters named Johnny Robinson and Scooter Purvis, a tough fullback who likes to knock people down in Red Brodnax, and a good quarterback in Warren Rabb. He also had some fine linemen, led by an exceptional center, Max Fugler, who is not only large and aggressive but can outrun the backs on most football teams. But most of the linemen were not very big, and there just didn't seem to be enough of them. Somewhere along the way it was almost certain that they would wear out. So Dietzel, a tall, handsome blond-haired fellow, decided he would have to let everyone get into the act.

Dietzel picked his 11 best football players and called them the White team, which is the color all LSU football players wear these days despite the purple and gold school colors. Then he took his next 22 players and divided them according to offensive and defensive abilities. The offensive 11, which has a lot of speed and can move the ball almost as well as the starters, he named the Go team. The defensive crew he named the Chinese Bandits. Never, at LSU, are the Bandits called the third string—which

they really are—or the third unit or the third team or the third anything else. They are simply the Bandits.

"They are," says Dietzel, "the darndest bunch of kids you ever saw."

Made up primarily of sophomores and 1957 red shirts and reserves, with last year's student manager, Gus Kinchen, playing one end, the Bandits have logged almost a quarter of LSU's total playing time. In crucial moments they have afforded the starters some much-needed rest. Under the more relaxed substitution rule in effect this year, Dietzel has been able to keep his regulars from wearing out by the simple process of pulling them out before they even have a chance to get tired. The Go team has filled in capably on offense—it has played almost a quarter of the time, too—and the Bandits have done a remarkable job on defense.

"They're not really that good," they will tell you at LSU, "but they think they are, which seems to be what counts."

Dietzel's touch of psychological inspiration did not suddenly blossom forth this year. Rather, it began back in 1950, when he was defensive coach under Gilman at Cincinnati. Feeling that some boost in morale was needed by the relatively unsmiling defensive platoon in those days of free substitution, he came up with a quote from the comic strip, *Terry and the Pirates*. "Chinese Bandits," said a sinister-looking Oriental gentleman one day, "are the most vicious people on earth." So Dietzel told his Cincinnati crew that since it was pretty mean and ornery, henceforth it would be known as the Chinese Bandits.

When two-platoon football went out in 1953, however, the Bandits were forgotten—until this year. Now they are the darlings of the South.

A Memphis disc jockey named Fred Huddleston has written a song about them which the LSU band plays whenever the Bandits go on the field. A Baton Rouge elementary



# ROUGE

schoolroom voted to change its class name to the Chinese Bandits. Jack Sabin, who runs the Goalpost Restaurant on the edge of the LSU campus, drove down to New Orleans one day, picked up 1,400 Chinese coolie hats and gave them away with meals. They were all gone by nightfall. Last week, just before the Duke game, a member of the LSU freshman team walked up to Dietzel one afternoon and said: "Coach, if it's all the same with you, I'd just as soon not play on the first string next year. I'd kinda like to be one of the Bandits." And when one of the Bandits actually was promoted to the starting unit to replace a guard hobbled by injury, he gave Dietzel an indignant stare and said: "O.K., but as soon as possible I want to get back to the Bandits."

With such *esprit de corps*, it is hardly surprising that the entire squad has been affected. The White team and the Go team are almost as proud of the Bandits as the Bandies are of themselves.

Despite the wonderful team spirit, however, despite the blossoming coaching excellence of the 34-year-old Dietzel, despite the solid performances of Rabb, Fugler and the rest, everyone knows that LSU has escaped mediocrity once again only because of the presence of Billy Cannon. Blessed with a magnificent physique, tremendous speed and an apparently bottomless supply of gutty determination, LSU's howlegged left halfback may be the best college football player in America.

Standing 6 feet 1 inch in height and weighing a rock-hard 204 pounds, Billy can run 100 yards in 9.5 seconds, a feat which he accomplished twice last spring in his spare time away from football practice. He is also as strong as a young bull.

A good-looking, likable boy with crew-cut brown hair and friendly hazel eyes, Billy grew up just outside Tiger Stadium's north gate and used to sell peanuts and cold drinks in the



THE CANNON FAMILY poses in front of LSU's Tiger Stadium. Wife Dorothy holds Gina Leigh, while Halfback Billy holds Terri Lynn, now just over one year old.

big concrete stands when he was a kid. He always wanted to play football there himself, but for a while it appeared he would end up playing instead in the LSU band. Unable to make the Istrouma Junior High team because he was so small that no one could find shoes to fit him, he reluctantly took trombone lessons—but, just in case, he kept on playing football with the neighborhood kids. By the time Billy finished high school LSU was more than happy to let him play anywhere he wanted, just so he

didn't go away. Grown up to 195 pounds, Cannon scored 229 points his senior year in high school, became an All-State and All-America schoolboy player, led Istrouma to a state championship and was a record-setting dashman as well.

A good student, Billy could have gone to any one of 50 colleges, but LSU was the logical choice. His older brother, Harvey, played football for the Tigers until an injury stopped him, and Billy's father has been an

continued on page 64

## WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

# FOOTBALL THUNDER IN THE LINE

**I**N the grunting, sweating melee of big men in leather-popping contact most football games are decided. The battle takes place in full view of the stands, but the spectators watch the backs most of the time, and the elemental meeting of brawn against brawn, shown so clearly on these pages, is seen only by the participants and by coaches watching the game movies a day later. You wouldn't see much if you watched the line, anyway. As these pictures show, the snap of the ball is the signal for what often appears to be inextricable confusion, although to the gladiators locked in man-to-man struggle there is a certain order and sense to the conflict. These pictures

show embattled linemen in the California-USC game, but as a football universal they would be just as appropriate to a game between Slippery Rock and Siwash. The gains hacked out by the men in the line are measured in inches and feet, not yards; a block is successful if it moves a defender a foot or two out of the path of the ball carrier and, if a defensive lineman can narrow the hole by a little, he leaves the runner with only a surging mass of men to run into. The sound of line play, if you are close enough to hear it, is a low thunder, lightened now and then by the odd clacking of plastic helmets meeting and accentuated by an occasional expletive wrung from beleaguered guard or tackle.

*Photographed by Leigh Watson*



**PACKED CONFUSION** is the keynote  
of trench warfare in typical close-fought play

**DESPERATE EFFORT** marks duel between  
defender (78) and linemen applying double block



WONDERFUL WORLD *confused*



**CRUNCHING POWER** of line-blocking shows here as guard  
*piles head on into the defense, thick-muscled arm swinging*



## GLITTER IN

To Manhattan's Madison Square Garden last week came the pick of the horse riders of Europe and the Americas to do their best in the diamond jubilee National Horse Show (SI, Nov. 3). The U.S. team led by Billy Steinkraus got off to a fine start, and there were glowing performances by the Canadians and by the West Germans, making their first appearance in the National in four years. The glittering opening was a challenge to the first-night audience, too: a challenge to look their best while watching the best.

For the masculine crowd it was the usual simple procedure. A man's gear for the occasion depended largely on where he sat, where he had been and where he was going afterward. This meant a range, sloping upward from the ringside rail, from white ties and top hats to black ties and soft hats



**PRESENTING TROPHY.** Mrs. W. J. Barney, in beaded dinner dress, stands at attention beside Major General A. G. Tuckersan.



**ARRIVING AT GARDEN** with Charles Wacker, Mrs. Winston Guest wears Mainbocher evening coat in the popular street length.



**WATCHING AT THE IN GATE** is Judy Caroli, in pink satin gown, matching evening coat. Judy showed her own horse the next day.



**TAKING A LAST LOOK** from the floor is Mrs. Alfred Furber, in a metallic-gold brocaded silk evening suit designed by Trigère.



**PAYING A VISIT** to Piendilly Rose in the stables downstairs, Cary Latimer poses in a bubble-skirted flowered-silk gown.

# THE GARDEN

to business suits and—even—no hats.

For the women, also as usual, the event required more selection. For the traditionalists it was a fine fall introduction for capes and stoles of chinchilla and mink, and for new gowns and wraps of brilliantly colored silks. The trend to brocades with surface patterns of gold was as obvious as the tanbark. But, respecting the Garden's questionable surfaces, few of the first-nighters wore floor-sweeping gowns and coats. Otherwise, they stacked up pretty well with the ladies who turned out a week earlier to attend that other big opener of the New York social season, the Metropolitan Opera.

Necklines? Considering the drafty Garden, they took a calculated risk between evening décolleté and flu.

*Photographs by Martin Nathan*



**STEPPING THROUGH LOSES** with top-hatted husband, Mrs. John Elliott Jr. enters in a mink-collared coat, brocade dress.



**ARRIVING VISITORS** are Mr. and Mrs. Carlos Biedell. Biedell is the representative of the Mexican Equestrian Assn. in the U.S.



**PROCEEDING TO ARENA**, Mrs. Theodore Baron shows off a bubble-skirted brown lace gown and a luxurious new chinchilla cape.



**ALSO CHOOSING CHINGHILLA**, Mrs. Reed Albee wears hers over a black gown that is cut short in front, sweeps floor in back.



**CALLING BACKSTAGE** are Mrs. William Granger, in Galliano gown and Cardin blanket-plaid coat, and Somers Ritchie.

# EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

## Women in Motion (cont.)

**D**ISBELLEF rolled over Don Stallings like a line plunge. "Isn't that your mother out there near the Tennessee huddle?" a teammate was asking the North Carolina tackle. "Oh, my gosh," Stallings answered faintly. "It is mother."

"I thought the game was over," Mrs. Stallings tried to explain later. She had seen a scuffle between the two teams on the opposite side of the

field at Knoxville. "I figured everybody was shaking hands." So, tucking her umbrella under her arm, she set out straightaway across the grass. "But, oh my, it was rough out there," Mrs. Stallings was shocked to relate. "I heard one boy say to another that he was ready to kill somebody. Me, I just kept walking. What else could a body do? I was in the middle of the field. No use going back."

When Mother Stallings reached her 6-foot 4-inch son she smiled up

at him and said: "Dad and I came to the game to surprise you, honey."

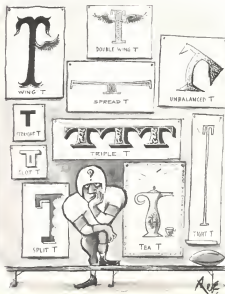
"Mother," said Don, "believe me, you did."

## Sounds in the Line

**T**HE BACKS may go tearing by on their way to do or die, but it is up front in the trenches of football where the lines join, clashing ponderously, that Saturday's wars are won. And although football is not a notably vocal game, all is not quiet on the front; psychological warfare is being waged there. Notre Dame linemen, for instance, growl ferociously as they come out of the huddle. To insure themselves against this intimidatory tactic, Southern Methodist linemen growled at each other for a week before they played Notre Dame. Notre Dame has not always growled. Back in 1931, when Tommy Yarr was their captain and an All-America center, they used a more subtle ploy. Whenever a young lineman of the opposing team reported in to the game, Yarr would approach the referee and say, so the substitute could hear him, "Mr. Referee, what is the name and position of this young man?" Then, before Yarr snatched the ball, he would address the young man politely: "Welcome to the game, Mr. Doe. We will run this play right through you." More often than not they did.

The taunt, polite or vulgar, remains the standard technique, but there are variations and inventions. When Illinois played Ohio State last month, the Illinois linemen whistled like bobwhite quail before each OSU play. Although OSU Fullback Bob White did not demonstrably lose his temper, he gained only 35 yards in 17 rushes. Last year when Navy was clobbering Rice, Navy End Pete Jokanovich withdrew two tickets from his uniform and offered them to his opponent, suggesting that he accept

continued







This rich translucence of medieval cathedral windows was achieved by staining molten glass with metallic oxides, an art process originating in the Near East in the 4th century. Herbert Dreier was commissioned to paint this stained glass interpretation especially for The Chivas Regal Fine Arts Series. A magnificent reproduction, 17" x 22", available upon written request.

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# THE CAR: BUICK '59

them so he could get into the game. In September when Rice played Stanford on the West Coast the temperature was 99°. This was typical Houston weather and suited Rice to a wing T, but the Stanfords were drooping from the heat. In the third period, with Rice well in the lead, Rice linemen hooted at the enervated Indians: "Y'all better move around or y'all'll get cold."

There is not as much chatter this year as in the past. A new rule prohibits the defense from using "words or signals which obviously disconcert opponents when they are preparing to put the ball in play," and there are other reasons. "You're too busy trying to figure out what you're going to do," says Texas Guard Bob Harwerth. "With defensive signals, quick snaps and all that, the game is too complicated to do much talking." Many linemen also wear mouthpieces which are not conducive to well-enunciated sarcasms.

The new rule would gladden the heart of a grim, efficient but taciturn tackle of our acquaintance who used to be ragged by a little halfback to "talk it up in the line." One afternoon he had enough, and, getting up so that he towered above the peaky halfback, said evenly: "Noise is not necessarily a manifestation of spirit."

Or, as USC Guard Lou Byrd puts it, "Now, I don't do any talking. Might tell myself to get going maybe, but Coach always says the kind of talk he likes to hear from me is the pop of the pads on a good hit."

### Pilgrim's Progress

ON SEPTEMBER 15, Erwin Erkfitz, a 47-year-old Detroit health-food-shop proprietor, left Los Angeles to walk to New York on six pairs of ripple-soled shoes. Erkfitz' aim: to dramatize the need of Americans to use their legs more often. "Let's use our legs or lose our legs," aphorized Erkfitz grimly as he sallied forth on U.S. 66 with a modified heel-and-toe action which gets him 7 mph on the flat. Erkfitz also hopes to break the transcontinental walking record, which he understands is 69 days 22 minutes.

As Erkfitz, accompanied by an associate in a station wagon, struck out

across the southern California desert on U.S. 66 he walked into 110° heat. "It left me a little tired," said Erkfitz blithely as he changed shoes. He encountered serious trouble on U.S. 89 in the high tablelands of northern Arizona, meeting strong winds and rain. "Fate was unkind," said Erkfitz glumly, sticking a blister with a needle. He got up the following morning an hour earlier—at 3 a.m.



A vegetarian, Erkfitz gets his energy from nibbling on energy wafers, Fig Newtons with a wheat base, sunflower seeds and a rather tasteless candy. He gets his inspiration from verses with a marching measure—he is fond of Edgar Guest—and from the dicta of Percy Cerutti, the austere Australian who coaches Miler Herb Elliott: "Thrust against pain and be contemptuous of it. Pain is the purifier, the wisdom bringer."

When our Phoenix correspondent first tried to locate Erkfitz, he was unsuccessful. UNFOUND ERWIN ERK-

FITZ DURING VIGOROUS PATROL ROADS WEST, EAST OF KINGMAN, he wired. COOPERATIVE DRAGNET PICKED UP PAIN BUNS THREE TIMES, BUT ERKFITZ EITHER WAY AHEAD OF SCHEDULE, WAY BEHIND OR WEARS CHAMELEONLIKE PROTECTIVE COLORING THAT CAUSES BLENDING INTO ROADSIDE.

Our Detroit correspondent phoned Erkfitz' wife, who explained that Erwin had, no doubt, changed routes. "He's a little erratic at times," said Dagny Erkfitz.

Indeed, that's just what Erwin had done; he was marching steadfastly toward Flagstaff on U.S. 66-89. And there, with the help of a highway patrolman, Erwin Erkfitz was run down having a chat at a root-beer stand. He is constitutionally unable to pass a filling station or an onlooker without pausing to explain his mission.

"It takes him three hours to go through some of those small towns," says Erkfitz' associate. "That is what's making it rough on us. He could make 60 miles a day but he spends all his time talking."

"Nothing will stop me," says Erwin Erkfitz.

And nothing has. Impeccable and chameleonlike, he has stalked into the rising sun on U.S. 66, averaging

continued

## They Said It

**JUSTICE HAROLD BURTON**, in a television interview, reaching into sport for a metaphor to explain the function of the Supreme Court: "It isn't that umpires are infallible or perfect, but if there is going to be any contest—a long contest, a close contest, a hard contest—and you're not going to break up in a riot or a squabble, you'd better agree on an umpire before you start. Take his decisions and go ahead with the game. And in government it's the same principle."

**CAPTAIN HARNEY GILL**, assistant Army coach, of Notre Dame End Monty Stickles: "I knew he was an end before I ever saw him play because when I shook hands with him at dinner his forefinger jabbed me in the elbow."

**VICE-PRESIDENT NIXON**, to the Phillies' Richie Ashburn, about to leave on baseball-clinic tour of Venezuela: "Just mention my name."

**WALTER (SPIKE) BRIDGES**, former Detroit Tiger president, off to hunt big game in Tanganyika: "Where I am going there are no tigers. In fact, there weren't many tigers where I just came from."

**COOKIE LAVAGETTO**, on the language problems confronting him as manager of the Washington Senators: "A Cuban is a pleasant fellow. If he understands you, he nods his head, he smiles and he says, 'Si, si.' If he doesn't understand you he nods his head, he smiles and he says, 'Si, si.'"

## EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

50 miles a day—through New Mexico, across the Texas Panhandle, up through Oklahoma and Missouri. At week's end he was marching through Indians on U.S. 40, just about even with a schedule that calls for him to take off his ripple-soled shoes and bathe his feet in Atlantic Ocean water before Thanksgiving.

### Credit Rating Report

**THE CRUELEST INSULT** yet cast at Frankie Carbo was flung discriminately about the nation this week in a William J. Burns International Detective Agency flier distributed to hotelmen and merchants. It reflected on Frankie's credit standing. It made the spurious suggestion that, as a fugitive since last July, Frankie may be running low on funds and crudely try to pass a bum check or two.

The implication is unfair. It must have hurt Frankie, a proud wearer of silk and cashmere. He never has retracted accusations of murder or forthright declarations that he is the world's No. 1 fight fixer. These have given him a certain classy cachet. But it is unjust to say, as the folder does, that he may be suffering from the shorts. Frankie is, after all, a friend of millionaires, among them James D. Norris, the shy, retiring expresident of the International Boxing Club now fighting so hard to avoid giving testimony before the New York grand jury that indicted Carbo as an undercover fight manager.

Frankie has always dressed well, eaten well, lived well since he discovered the simple virtues of the fix. He has been entertained at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York and has basked in a \$75-a-day suite at the Shamrock in Houston. He has executive ulcers that a Madison Avenue vice-president would envy.

The chances are that Frankie never passed a bum check in his life, mostly because he does not like to sign his name to anything, including hotel registers. Besides, he deals pretty much in the anonymity of cash and, besides that, he has many hospitable friends who are glad to put him up when he comes to town. Just a few weeks after his indictment last July, for instance, he was reported, though not in the society columns, to be the

incognito house guest of wealthy Artie Samish at Palm Springs, Calif. Samish, the tax-evading slushmaster of the California legislature, got out of the McNeil Island federal pen only last March and the two boys must have had a lot to chat about.

It is hard to say where Frankie is just now. He likes to present a moving target. But lately he has been confining himself pretty much to the

bly well-heeled thief and fair's fair.

There had, incidentally, been some speculation among boxing's many friends of Carbo that if Mr. Hogan had been elected to the United States Senate this month the indictments against Carbo and others might be allowed to lapse, or at least be pressed with less vigor than Mr. Hogan has shown. It was a foolish hope at best and it has now expired in the election returns. Mr. Hogan lost his Senate race. His term as district attorney runs until December 31, 1961.

### BENCH WARRANT ISSUED FOR THIS FUGITIVE



**PAUL JOHN CARBO (M-5897)**, alias Frankie Carbo, Mr. Fury, Mr. Gey. 54 years, 5 ft. 8 in., 180 lbs., medium build, medium complexion, brown eyes, baggy, gray-white hair, wears hornrimmed glasses.  
**UPRINT: 1 32 W TIM 13**  
**CLASS: 1 32 W MII**

Merchants and hotels should be on the alert for fugitive Carbo who may attempt to pass worthless checks as his funds should be running out soon. He is wanted in New York City for violation of 9133 Consolidated Laws and 500 Penal Law. A bench warrant has been issued and he will be extradited if necessary.

Carbo is traveling with a female, 40 years, 5 ft. 4 in., 140 lbs., blonde hair, attractive, who may pose as his wife. He carries a State of Florida driver's license 1189634 and travels extensively, patronizing the best hotels.

When Carbo is located or arrested, notify the District Attorney, County of New York, 155 Leonard Street, New York, N. Y. Attn: Det. Frank Marrose

Southwest, handy to Mexico, from which he cannot be extradited on present charges. Thus he has been seen dining with Al Weil, an old friend, at Agua Caliente but he has also been observed in Reno, living not at all like a man who is short of funds.

It is to be hoped that when District Attorney Frank Hogan finally lays hands on Frankie he will right the Burns Agency's wrong. Chances are he will find that Frankie has plenty of loot in his pockets, and, if so, he ought to count it publicly in simple justice to a maligned man. Frankie is a heel and a thief but he is a nota-

### Horns of Plenty

**THOSE** enterprising, sports-minded people at the Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory are at it again. Late this summer they were stringing cable across a box canyon not with nuclear projectiles but with a bow and arrow (SI, Oct. 6). And this month they are investigating radioactive fallout with the help of deer antlers.

Antlers, says Dr. Harry Foreman of the Biomedical Research Group, because of their high calcium content are remarkable depositories of strontium 89 and 90. An average rack of antlers will build up half as much calcium in one season as a human skeleton will in a lifetime, and the calcium soaks up fallout like so much blotting paper. By grinding antlers and measuring the radioactive content, scientists can obtain a fairly accurate annual index of fallout wherever the deer, with or without the antelope, play. "I don't think we could have devised a handier or more convenient method," says Dr. Foreman, proudly.

Any old antlers lying about your house? Either trophy-room or basement-corner variety will do, says the doctor, so long as they were not found discarded in the forest and so long as you can remember when and where they were taken. Dr. Foreman asks that first you write him brief particulars. If your antlers will help the investigation, he will ask that you mail them accompanied by an identifying tag. (Fallout does not affect the flesh of the animal itself, nor are the antlers dangerous to handle.)

There has to be a catch to all this, of course, and there is. Dr. Foreman complains of a tight budget. Antlers, he says, should be sent postpaid.



COLIN MUDGE WILL NAVIGATE



ARNOLD EILOART WILL COMMAND



TIM EILOART IS RADIO MAN

## AERONAUTS VS. ATLANTIC

IT ALL STARTED," said the leader of the latter-day aeronauts, "as a whim. So, if you are anti-whim, you are anti-us." Well, nobody can say that we on this magazine are anti-whim, so presumably we must be pro, very much pro, the doughty band of Britons above who plan, come early December, to float aloft in the strange craft pictured below and allow themselves to be wafted gently across the broad Atlantic on the westerling winds that blow eternally from the Canary Islands to the Greater Antilles. Their soaring craft itself will be sustained by faith and a big round gas balloon.

Mark Twain once said vaguely of an airship on which he sent Tom Sawyer soaring over Africa that it was equipped with "all sorts of things." There could be no better description of the gondola in which 51-year-old British businessman Arnold Beaupré Eiloart and his 21-year-old son Timothy plan to drift over the ocean. Designed by naval architect and yachtsman Colin Mudge, who, with his photographer-wife Rosemary, will complete the balloon-borne crew, it looks like a stubby-ended boat and is in-

tended to serve as such if anything happens to the balloon in midocean. Some 15 feet long and made of a hard, spongelike plastic, it will carry jury sail and emergency rudder lest the expedition become suddenly water-borne, but to avoid that contingency *The Small World*, as the whole shebang is called, will also be fitted with a number of strictly aeronautical gadgets. There will be a hydrogen generator to manufacture gas for the balloon itself and pedal-operated propellers set horizontally at either side of the gondola to help maintain a proper altitude. Most of the airship's supplies and provisions will be dangled overside on the end of long lines so that if the balloon should drop down too suddenly they will hit the water first and provide buoyancy to send it aloft once more. There will be a radio, of course, but because of the explosive hydrogen in the balloon no motor of any kind.

"We have taken every precaution against the known risks," says Balloonist Eiloart, but there are still vast unknowns ahead of him. "We could," he says, "have a freak wind

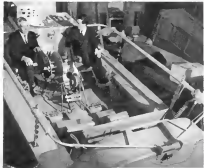
which would blow us to Africa, or some crank might take aim and puncture us with a shotgun. You just weigh up everything and then you do your damndest."

We can only hope their damndest will be blessed. The world today is too full of scientifically predictable wonders, of aircraft that fly without wings and of ships that cruise for months on end beneath the surface of the sea. Men have become spoiled by facile conquests of time and space, and today's stay-at-homes have nothing but sneers for the rocket that fails to orbit the moon. Where, then, can the flavor of true adventure charged with chance and uncertainty still be found? As adults who once soared endlessly under the auspices of one Jules Verne, we suspect it may still be in a free-floating balloon drifting crazily over the ocean.

"We are not trying to do anything that will make two blades of grass grow where one grew before," says the captain of *The Small World*, "but that does not happen either when you sing a song, or climb a mountain, or run a race."

ENO

EARLY MUDGE SKETCH OF "THE SMALL WORLD" INCLUDED FOUR WHEELS WHICH HAVE BEEN OMITTED FROM READY-TO-GO CRAFT



# A MAN,

**John Olin, maker of shotgun shells, made the game preserve a national concern**

**by VIRGINIA KRAFT**

**T**O 40,000 employees in the many and varied Olin enterprises (Olin Mathieson Chemical Corporation, Winchester-Western arms and ammunition, Squibb drugs, Ecusta paper, Olin cellophane and aluminum, etc.) scattered across the nation, 66-year-old John Merrill Olin is the boss. To the 10-year-old black Labrador named King Buck, whose portrait hangs behind Mr. Olin in the picture at left, he may be the boss sometimes, but more often than not he is just a good-natured pushover on whose bed King Buck likes to sleep, regally aware that no mere captain of industry would tamper with the comfort of one of the greatest field-trial champions in the history of the Labrador retriever breed.

Such inversions of authority do not happen often in John Olin's well-organized world. But at Nilo Kennels (Olin spelled backwards) near Alton, Illinois, where some of the finest Labrador retrievers in America are raised and trained, King Buck rules unchallenged and Olin is the first to admit it. He is proud of King Buck, who is a personal project of his, and for that matter he is probably prouder of his kennels and of adjacent Nilo Farms, a sprawling, game-rich, 522-acre shooting preserve, than of any other part of his considerable empire. This is the place where John Olin would rather spend his time than anywhere else in the world.

From fall to spring on many a day he can be found roaming through the lush acreage after pheasants or crouched in a blind waiting for flighted mallards to come winging overhead. In between, he works his dogs, readying himself and them for the dozens of field trials which are his



AT NIL0 KENNELS, JOHN OLIN RELAXES BEFORE PORTRAIT OF CHAMPION KING BUCK

*Photographs by Dan Weiner*

# A DOG AND A CRUSADE

favorite hobby. Often his attractive wife, Evelyn, a sportswoman in her own right, comes along, despite the fact that her enthusiasms rest more with bird hunting and salmon fishing than with field-trialing.

"She really can't stand field trials," Olin chuckles, "and she doesn't mind letting me know it. As far as Evelyn is concerned, field-trial enthusiasts are insane, because they get up before daybreak, jump in the car and sometimes drive over 100 miles of almost impassable roads to stand out in the rain, sleet, snow and freezing weather to watch an expensive dog someone spent a fortune to raise and train make stupid mistakes."

Even so, Evelyn Olin has gone along on many of her husband's outdoor jaunts. Though she most favors the relaxed life of their Nilo Plantation near Albany, Georgia, with its leisurely afternoon quail hunting, she likes to go with him for salmon on the

Restigouche, ducks in Stuttgart, Arkansas, partridge in Spain and chamois in Austria. She draws the line at bear hunts in Alaska, though, or Olin's annual deer and antelope hunts in Wyoming. "She just doesn't like anything that starts before daybreak," Olin says fondly. "I've been getting up before daybreak since I was a boy, and it's just become the natural way to start a day."

"Of course," he adds, "at that time I was getting up to milk the cows and do the chores."

The cows and the chores were on a farm owned by John Olin's uncle, Amos Merrill, at the foot of Mount Moosilauke near Warren, New Hampshire. Every summer of his boyhood, Olin spent his vacation with his uncle on the farm, helping with the crops and livestock and learning about the outdoors.

"I've often tried to analyze what happened to me to make me love the

outdoors so much," Olin says. "Whatever it was, it happened there. Uncle Amos had twin daughters but no sons. I guess I filled a void for him, and he certainly filled one for me. He gave me my first gun and taught me how to shoot it. We'd go out together and run the bear traps, or hunt woodchucks or wade the trout streams near the farm."

"And I also learned something else that was important," Olin adds. "I learned the psychology of a Yankee. Uncle Amos taught me all the facts of life, and then some. I learned to work there, and to save my earnings. My uncle paid me 15¢ an hour to dig kale out of the corn, and if I didn't work I didn't get paid."

"When I finally accumulated \$15, I bought my first fly rod. That was the summer I was 7. By the end of that summer I knew where every trout in every pool was, and I could

*continued*



NILO KENNELS' MANAGER COTTON PERSHALL (ABOVE) TRAINS OLIN LABRADORS DAILY FOR FIELD TRIALS AND FOR HUNTING

jump from rock to rock like a cat."

It was during this same summer that Olin had his first brush with what he termed "commercialism in sport." One day he was taking eight good fish back to the farm when he met a man with the best fishing outfit he had ever seen.

"I was green with envy," he remembers. "It was funny, because he was just as envious of me. He hadn't caught a fish on all that fine tackle. He wanted to know where I'd caught mine. I pointed to a pool and said, 'There's one right over there.' In three casts I had it. The man was really dumfounded. Then he offered to buy my fish. I took one more long look

his practical outdoor experience to his technical training. Every time he went on a hunt, he went with more in mind than sport alone. He personally tested all the new cartridges and shells produced by his company, digging out bullets for laboratory analysis, studying new methods, refusing to accept old ones just because they were in practice. His inquisitive, inventive mind looked steadily into the future, and many of the corporation's new products were his own personal developments. Currently he holds 22 United States patents on them.

The best known of these, his Super-X shotgun shell, grew directly from a hunting experience. Back in the '20s, Olin was waterfowl-hunting one day with a friend who preferred shooting

yards over that of conventional loads. This development was so radical—and so successful—that Olin called it "super excellent." An associate suggested dropping the "excellent" and calling it simply Super-X.

Armed with a box of Super-X shells, Olin thereupon invited his friend again to do some waterfowl shooting. And every time a duck dove into sight high over the blind, Olin was able to knock it down yards before it dropped in range of his companion's conventional loads. The subsequent popularity of Super-X rocketed Western to the front ranks of U.S. shell manufacturers.

But perhaps Olin's greatest invention, and certainly his proudest, is one on which he holds no patents. This is Nilo Kennels and Farms, the pilot project in 1951 of a vast national experiment in conservation. Like other Olin inventions, this too grew out of his love of the outdoors and his practical view of the future.

#### A PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATION

As a sportsman and a shell manufacturer Olin was constantly concerned with the long-range effect of the tremendous postwar hunting boom on an already shrinking outdoors. He was afraid that unless constructive measures were taken right away places to hunt in America would eventually vanish completely. One solution, he believed, was the widespread education of hunters to the conservation value of trained dogs in recovering lost and crippled game. Another was the replenishment of wildlife through artificial stocking and scientific improvement of habitat conditions. Olin decided that both of these ideas needed more practical demonstration than they were currently getting.

First he set about developing the finest retrievers in the country to demonstrate at their kennels and at field trials the importance of using trained dogs in hunting. In January 1951 he hired T. W. (Cotton) Pershall, a young professional dog trainer and handler who was making a reputation for himself on the field-trial circuit. Pershall, his wife and his two Labrador retrievers moved into an old farmhouse on 552 acres of partially farmed Olin-owned land near Alton, 13 miles from the Olin plant at East Alton. Plans were mapped out for the construction of Nilo Kennels and the rehabilitation of the land as a wildlife

*continued*



OUTSIDE NILU FARMS CLUBHOUSE EVELYN AND JOHN OLIN LOAD CAR BEFORE HUNT

at his beautiful fishing outfit and thought of all that kyle in the corn. But finally I said no thanks, I'd give him the fish."

Along with his knowledge of the outdoors, young Olin, with the same thoroughness, also set about learning all there was to know about his father's explosives business, which even as a small boy he knew would be his life's work. By the age of 16 he was ready for Cornell University, where he mapped out a prodigious chemical engineering program. From Cornell, in 1913, he went directly into his father's company, then Western Carttridge, in East Alton, Illinois, the first trained scientist to be employed by the organization.

From the beginning, Olin applied

ducks on water rather than in flight. This violation of the ethics of good sportsmanship so outraged Olin that he not only refused to fire a shot but decided to do something positive to prevent his friend from repeating the performance.

In his laboratory, Olin mulled over the problem of increasing velocity, and thus getting greater range from a shell, without increasing pressure in the gun chamber to a dangerous level in the process. By developing pressure over a longer period of time (thereby creating a more satisfactory pressure-velocity relationship) through the use of a progressive-burning smokeless powder, Olin came up with a unique "short shot string" shell which had an extended range of more than 20





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BITTER THANKS FOR BITTER LIVING: THE FARMER COUNTRY

preserve on which Olin could prove the value of stocking wildlife and improving natural habitat.

By May the project was under way, and John Olin decided to buy himself a field-trial dog. For over a year he had been studying the competitive performances of young retrievers on

Eventually the dog was sold to Bing Grunwald of Omaha, who established him on the competitive circuit. A month after his third birthday, Buck earned his field-trial championship. He looked good, but in Pershall's professional judgment he didn't look good enough to warrant the \$6,500 selling price Grunwald was now asking. Besides, Pershall



AGING KING BUCK (LEFT) STILL HUNTS WITH JOHN OLIN AND YOUNGER WILDO GDS

the circuit and latterly he had been particularly following the progress of a 3-year-old black Labrador named King Buck, who was winning more than his share of trials. Although he had not actually seen Buck run, Olin decided that this was the dog for him.

Pershall, with years of field-trial experience behind him, thought differently, and didn't hesitate to express his objections. King Buck's early history was bad. His bloodlines were good but he was the product of a very disappointing litter. His owner had purchased him as a pup for \$50 and nursed him through an extended siege of distemper, during which he was advised twice to destroy him. When Buck finally regained his health, his owner couldn't afford to train or campaign him.

had a much better (and less expensive) prospect lined up—a Labrador named Freehaven Muscles, who not only showed great future promise but boasted a more stable background.

Cotton Pershall was still new at Nilo, which may be the reason he didn't know just how stubborn John Olin can be. Freehaven Muscles, Olin agreed, certainly looked like a fine prospect. Cotton was right in wanting him for Nilo Kennels, and should lose no time in acquiring him. In the meantime, however, Olin was going to buy King Buck, and that was the end of that.

Although Cotton handled and trained both dogs, Buck became known around the kennels as John

continued

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## JOHN OLIN continued

Olin's dog and Muscles as Cotton Pershall's dog. A year after his purchase, Muscles earned his championship and went on to justify the confidence Pershall had placed in him. But John Olin's dog did better; he made field-trial history.

In November 1952 at Weldon Springs, Missouri, under Cotton's expert handling, King Buck romped off with the National Retriever Field Trial Championship, the most coveted prize in retriever competition. The following year he came back to repeat his victory, only the third dog to do so in the history of the event. In the 82 national field-trial series in which he participated during his competitive career, King Buck completed 80 consecutive series, a record no dog has ever approached.

But some of the other Nilo dogs, including King Buck's sons and grandsons, have given him stiff competition. In the seven years since its beginning, Nilo Kennels has produced seven other field-trial champions under Cotton Pershall's expert handling and training. Olin, studying Pershall's methods and techniques, personally guided four of these dogs to amateur field-trial championships in competitions where professional handlers are not eligible.

There are currently 63 dogs at Nilo: 44 black Labradors (including King Buck, who is now retired), eight yellow Labradors, two beagles, two Brittany spaniels, one English setter, three English springer spaniels, two pointers and one Weimaraner. Six of these dogs were gifts to the kennels, but all of the rest were either bred at Nilo or purchased by John Olin to improve breeding lines. He has worked particularly with Labradors—studying the history and performance of various bloodlines and importing English stock, including an English National Champion, to get away from the tight little circle of breeding in this country.

There has been only one major setback at Nilo, which occurred shortly after it was started. An epidemic of distemper swept through the kennels, destroying much of the stock. To prevent such a disaster from striking again, Olin built an isolation kennel modeled on medical findings at Cornell. Set apart from the other kennels, it is run as scientifically and antiseptically as a fine hospital. In order to enter the "medical wards" inside,

a visitor must first pass through a special room where he must strip, shower and put on the sterile white clothing of a surgeon about to operate. All new dogs are quarantined in the isolation kennel for a specific period of time, during which they are carefully examined, observed and tested for possible disease. Whelping also takes place here, and new-born litters remain until they outgrow the infection period. In addition, all Nilo dogs receive blood tests twice yearly under a preventive-medicine program which has proved, among other things, that dogs inoculated against distemper (formerly believed an inoculation of lifetime immunity) are not necessarily protected forever from the disease.

In less than a decade the Cornell-Nilo relationship has been reversed. Where once the university assisted John Olin in setting up his medical program, Olin is now assisting Cornell with valuable research and experimentation undertaken at Nilo.

While Nilo Kennels was becoming the best-managed Labrador breeding and training center in the country, the adjacent land called Nilo Farms was becoming the best-managed game preserve. At about the same time Pershall came to Nilo, Olin Industries



BUFFET LUNCHEON AT NIL0 FARMS IS

hired a staff of trained conservationists, and the 522 acres of rolling farmland near Alton were converted into rich game-bird cover, heavily planted with alfalfa, wheat, soy beans, lespedera, sweet clover and corn to create a balanced system of crop rotation. Food patches of sorghum and millet, which provide additional cover as well as food, were spotted every four or five acres. Timber and shrubs were planted in scattered clumps to cut down soil erosion and serve as gathering points for pheasants after a shoot.

#### THE CRUSADE BEGINS

As soon as suitable habitat was established, the land was stocked with pheasants and mallard ducks and, for experimental study, with a variety of semi-exotic birds like Coturnix quail and chukar partridge. Then Nilo Farms was ready to carry out John Olin's most cherished crusade: the education of sportsmen and game-management agencies to the potentials of wildlife preserves in a diminishing outdoors—a concept which had few supporters in the '40s and early '50s.

The job was not an easy one. Hunters in general were reluctant to try preserve shooting because they be-

lieved it artificial. Game departments looked with little enthusiasm on the additional supervision and enforcement that would be expected of them and with suspicion on the actual benefits to wildlife which might ensue. When Olin invited representatives of both groups to visit Nilo and see how the operation worked, they came, but with misgivings. They left with an education.

Under Nilo Farms' staff, they were instructed in planting and planning of habitat, in scientific principles of rearing and harvesting game birds, in the long-range benefits to the surrounding country which artificial propagation of wildlife would ultimately reap, and in the value of trained hunting dogs to conservation. Olin, meanwhile, propagated the faith in other ways. He stomped across the country, cornering any and all who would listen to his cause. At field trials he sloshed through mud and rain to hand out literature on preserve shooting. When he found an interested sportsman he enlisted him in the crusade; when he found one in doubt he refused to stop talking until the doubts had vanished. On business trips he would suddenly disappear to address a conservation or sportsmen's

*continued*



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JOHN OLIN *continued*

club on the role of preserve shooting in modern conservation. He was never too busy to speak to one more game official, one more sports reporter or one more man in the field.

More and more his exhortations fell on receptive ears. The number of private and public preserves grew steadily across the country. This season there are 1,207 shooting preserves operating in 38 states, an increase of 451 since 1954. In 13 of these states, the game departments have regular instructional programs patterned after the program at Nilo Farms, which itself has expanded considerably since the 1954 merger of Olin Industries into the Olin Mathieson Chemical Corporation.

The most recent area to join the booming preserve movement is Hawaii. When game department officials in the territory sent word of their interest to Nilo this summer, one of the Farms' conservation experts hopped the next plane west. In a week he had scoured the islands, studied the native wildlife and mapped out a preserve plan for Hawaii.

Olin's conservation ideas are so effective that they have been applied even beyond the boundaries of preserve shooting. States like Georgia, long famous as one of the finest quail-shooting regions in America, have

been shown that by bulldozing large growths of live oaks (which, once up-ended, provide excellent game-bird cover and protection during the three years or so they take to rot), then scientifically planting these areas with natural foods, they could sizably increase basic quail populations in spite of hunting pressure which had tripled in that many years.

Thus, in less than a decade, Olin has seen the value of his belief in better dogs and better hunting dramatically proved and accepted. But he still has one outdoor ambition which as yet is unrealized. He has never hunted in Africa. Aside from the sport itself, he has a typically Olin-esque reason for wanting to make this trip.

"In the old days," Olin recalls, "I had two ways to prove a new bullet. I tested it in the laboratory. Then I went out and hunted with it. If it worked in both places, I knew I had a good bullet.

"Now we have a new bullet, the .458. I know it's good because after we worked it over thoroughly in the lab I put it in the hands of people going to Africa, had them chop it out of all kinds of game and send it back to me. But I still haven't used it over there myself, and one of these days I want to. I've been around too long to start taking secondhand information on these things now."

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*Approaching Dorado's 18th green. Photograph by Tom Holliman.*

## Puerto Rico's great new resort



Ed Dudley and Russell Gilbert head Dorado's professional staff. The championship course measures 7,115 yards. Par is 72. A number of holes skirt the beach (see big picture).



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## Who'll play follow the liter?

**Not us, say three large nations,  
who will counter a Grand  
Prix engine cut with big cars**

THE MEN who control international auto racing met privately the other day to choose the rules that builders of the world's most important road racing cars must follow in two years' time. For two days they debated the question heatedly behind the imposing Pall Mall facade of London's Royal Automobile Club. When they announced their decision, there was unprecedented tumult in the RAC's august halls, for the ruling meant, in effect, that the new cars would be decidedly puny ones. If a similar step were taken in boxing, it would mean that all classes above the lightweight level, say, would be disqualified, that the lightweight champion would be declared the world's best boxer by an all-powerful committee. Floyd Patterson, Ray Robinson and Carmen Basilio would be outlawed; Joe Brown would perforce be the best boxer in the world. The adage about a good big one is as true of racing engines as it is of boxers.

In road racing the heavyweight cars (in the sense that they are of the highest caliber and thus provide the best sport) are those built to a set of rules called Formula I. They are commonly known as Grand Prix cars. For more than 50 years they have been the Thoroughbred racers of the international sport. They have given the great drivers—Nuvolari, Caracciola, Ascari, Fangio, to name some of the most eminent—their supreme tests. The formula governing engine size has been changed frequently over the years, but usually the cars have had such power that they have exacted the utmost in driving skill. Racing's oddtimers speak of the sensationally powerful and fabulously fast prewar Mercedes and Auto Union Grand Prix cars (and the champions who drove them) with the awe and affection that boxing's oddtimers re-



**2.5** British Vanwall, winner of six 1958 races, is the champion Grand Prix car under the current 2.5-liter engine formula.

Over-all length: 14 feet  
Height: 3 feet 6¼ inches  
Top speed: 170 miles per hour



**1.5** British Cooper, champion Formula II car, shows how unimpressive next Grand Prix cars may look under 1.5-liter rule.

Over-all length: 12 feet  
Height: 2 feet 10 inches  
Top speed: 145 miles per hour

serve for Jack Dempsey. Only a handful of drivers could do those cars justice.

Now the rulers of road racing—members of the Commission Sportive Internationale de la Fédération Internationale de l'Automobile—have chosen a formula that threatens to make Grand Prix racing a second-

rate sport. The current rule limiting maximum piston displacement to 2,500 cubic centimeters (2½ liters) has already permitted some distinctly underpowered racers (because of their extreme lightness) to challenge and even surpass the full-scale English Vanwalls and Italian Ferraris on some

*continued*



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twisty courses. Under the new formula voted in at London, engines must be a full 1,000 cc. smaller than today's maximum—the size of current Formula II engines. Formula II racing is today chiefly in secondary events run off with the major Grand Prix races.

The men in London also decreed that the new cars must have reserve braking systems, should the primary systems fail; safer fuel tanks; anti-roll bars; and self-starters. Of more importance, they ruled that the cars must weigh at least 500 kilograms—approximately half a ton—including lubricants and coolants, but not counting fuel.

Eight nations were represented at the meeting: the U.S., Britain, Germany, Italy, France, Belgium, The Netherlands and Monaco. The new formula was voted over the strong opposition of Britain and Italy, which are the only nations building Grand Prix cars today, and the U.S. This powerful minority immediately got permission to form a subcommittee to work out a special intercontinental formula with a much larger engine size—a move with far-reaching implications for the U.S., and the sport, as we shall see.

### BIG YEAR FOR BRITAIN

Britain, enjoying its greatest Grand Prix successes in history, sent its best drivers and foremost builders to plead for an extension of the current formula, which has been in force for five years. Mike Hawthorn, who won the world driver championship (in Ferraris), and Stirling Moss, the driver he defeated by one point; Tony Vandervell, builder of the Vanwalls, which won six races, and Charles Cooper, builder of the little Coopers, which won two—all testified to no avail. Italy's No. 1 builder, Enzo Ferrari, sent his views in writing. It is known that he advocated an intercontinental 3-liter formula for races between European and American cars and, as a compromise, a 2-liter car with a minimum weight limit of 1,320 pounds as a secondary class. Charles Moran Jr., chairman of the Automobile Competition Committee for the United States (America's voice in the CSI), joined the British and Italian delegates in the futile attempt to convince the opposition that a smaller-engined and thus slower car would

continued

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Left. Circular-stitched bra with foam-lined cotton cups. #P1081. White, \$6.50.

not necessarily make the sport safer.

Government pressures at home to do something about safety undoubtedly led to the ganging up on the British, Italians and Americans—and not just because Grand Prix racing has had one of its rare bad years for driver fatalities (with Britain's Peter Collins and Stuart Lewis-Evans and Italy's Luigi Musso killed).

Memories of the Le Mans holocaust of 1955 and the Mille Miglia disasters of 1957 are still vivid in Europe. The fact that they were caused by sports cars, not Grand Prix cars, seems to have made little difference in London. Paradoxically, the championship sports cars, at 3 liters, have even bigger and more powerful engines than current Grand Prix cars.

Nevertheless, France's Augustin Perouse, president of the CSI and a member for 30 years, made it clear before the meeting that he was seeking a drastic reduction in engine size. After the decision was announced he said Grand Prix racing would not have been allowed in France next year and possibly would have been stopped in Germany later, if a major change had not been voted.

**UPGRAD IN THE RAC**

British manufacturers, drivers, race officials and reporters raised an angry roar of disapproval upon hearing the news, and everybody in the staid old RAC building was suddenly trying to speak or shout at once. The elegant Italian delegate, Count Giovanni Lurani Cernuschi, contradicted Perouse, whose version of the voting implied that only Britain had opposed the change. Cernuschi, better known as Johnny Lurani, a dashing driver of the 1930s, explained to reporters and friends who suddenly swirled around him that Britain and Italy had even tried to compromise on 2 liters. To Lurani a 1½-liter racer was "not a man's car."

Mike Hawthorn, Britain's first world champion driver and leader of an apparently inexhaustible pack of British stars, bitterly criticized the change as "the most retrograde step taken in the history of motor racing." He snapped: "Plenty of drivers can race at 120 mph, but there are not many who can race at 140 mph. Drivers should have to learn to achieve this standard. As for safety, the lighter the car is, the easier it is to handle and the safer it is to drive." Haw-

thorn was unwilling to make public his specific testimony before the CSI but could not resist growling, "They should leave the formula alone."

None of the British principals would concede that the new formula would make racing any safer. On the contrary, they argued that it would in fact make racing more dangerous. Since the speed differential between drivers of varying merits will be decreased, the less experienced will be tempted, they said, to drive beyond their capacities. In any case, many drivers believe that they can get out of trouble more easily with more power in hand.

The British were especially irate over the matter of a minimum weight. Famous for their achievements in light chassis construction (the lighter the car relative to its power, the faster it goes), they consider the minimum weight rule a roadblock to further development in this aspect of design. The smaller British Grand Prix cars are already beneath the 500-kilogram limit; all the 1½-liter Formula II racers weigh considerably less.

Mike Hawthorn felt that safety would be better served through alterations in racing circuits, not the cars. "I do not suggest destroying the character of the circuits," he said, "but I think drivers are entitled to a reasonable chance of getting away with it if they go off the road at a corner. A little work is definitely needed on various corners; for instance, the place where Musso went off in this year's French Grand Prix." (Musso was fatally injured in that accident.)

By their insistence on a very small engine, the majority delegates may well have thrown out the baby with the bath water. Britain's Aston Martin chief, David Brown, who plans to enter Grand Prix racing under the current formula, declared, "We shan't build a 1½-liter car." Tony Vandervell was not sure he wanted to continue at all. Dean Delamont, one of the British delegates to the meeting, said, "We want motor racing to be the ultimate in glamorous spectacle and speed, a prestigious sport. This is a negative step."

Perhaps the desire for glamour and speed will yet be fulfilled through the new intercontinental formula. The approval of Charles Moran's motion for a special subcommittee to develop such a rule gave it official status; this will not be an outlaw movement fac-

ing formidable odds. The U.S., which has no small racing engines of note and is not likely to develop any, thereby receives a chance to enter international CSI racing in an important way with engines suited to its resources. For a starter, Moran's committee is thinking of the 4.2-liter Meyer-Drake Offenhausen engine, which dominates the Indianapolis "500." It is very difficult to adapt to road racing, as Briggs Cunningham discovered when he put one into one of his Le Mans sports cars; its "severe power impulses" invite clutch trouble, as the Indy car owner Jack Zink points out, and cars so powered are slow off the mark. Still, it is the best the U.S. has. And Moran is not thinking exclusively of road racing. He suggests the possibility of out-and-out track racing on the intercontinental program, and he will take a close look at the new high-speed track that is under construction at Daytona Beach, Fla. as one of several possible sites. The dramatic track races won by Indianapolis cars at Monza, Italy this year and last gave Europeans a taste of speed racing of a kind they had all but forgotten. The Europeans, significantly, made a substantial and effective effort at Monza this year after largely boycotting the event in 1957. The U.S. will have its first big Grand Prix race since 1937 next March at Sebring, Fla., a further stimulus to American interest in worldwide racing.

**A NATIONAL NEED**

Moran's group will begin at once to sound out the leaders in American racing—officials of the U.S. Auto Club and NASCAR, chassis builders like Frank Kurtis, engine men at Meyer-Drake. "We want to talk with everybody who might be concerned," Moran said. "We would like to work out a detailed formula to present to the subcommittee by spring. I think this will fill a national need—and the needs of others who feel that 1½ liters is too small an engine to represent championship motor racing at its best."

If something of this kind is not done, some of the world's best drivers may not even want to race. Stirling Moss, probably the best driver of all despite his defeat by Mike Hawthorn this year, was considering his retirement in 1961 if the 1½-liter engine reigns. He didn't fancy being like a "runner running with great big boots on."

**END**



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### HOUND AND HUNTER

*The young woodsman fighting for his game is one of Hower's few oils of the hunting scene. It is owned by the National Gallery*



## A look at a life's work

THE GREATEST American painter of the outdoor scene, Winslow Homer, was also probably America's most important artist of the last century. He was one of the first artists to go outdoors to paint rather than work in a studio. Although he also used oils, he was a pioneer in making watercolor—at the time generally considered a fit medium only for milady's parlor or the schoolroom

—not only respectable but widely admired. Now Homer is being honored by the biggest retrospective exhibition of his works ever held. On view at Washington's National Gallery from November 23 to January 4 and at New York's Metropolitan Museum from January 29 to March 8 will be 242 of his pictures. The sampling of his work presented below suggests the variety of the show.



TWO MEN IN A CANOE



CANOE IN RAPIDS



SNAP THE WHIP



RUM CAY



DIAMOND SHOAL



HUNTSMAN AND DOGS



RIGHT AND LEFT



SHOOTING THE RAPIDS



THE PORTAGE



GLOUCESTER HARBOR



KISSING THE MOON



TROUT BREAKING

## Smile of champions

ALL this summer, while the eyes of the sports-minded were focused on the drama of the America's Cup, the nation's small-boat skippers, class-boat enthusiasts like the smiling champions shown on these pages, carried on the busiest sailing season to date. Class boats are, by definition, boats of a kind, and wherever two or three boats of a class are gathered together, a sail-off will soon follow. Multiply this by several thousand and you have a national pattern of sail-offs that start early in the season to pick the best of the class in every yacht club, the best of the class in every district and, finally, the best sailor in each class in the country.

*continued*



### BEST OF THE WOMEN

Nancy Meade, 35, housewife sailor of the Rye, N.Y. American Yacht Club, lost in five previous finals ("It was getting to be a little embarrassing") before she won this year's North American Women's Championship off Chicago Yacht Club and with it the cherished Adams Cup plus cheers from husband John Meade and three children, aged 7, 6 and one.

### CHAMPION OF TWO THOUSAND SNIPES

John Wolcott, 26, computer engineer from Bridgeport, Conn. (Quonsetpoing Yacht Club), while he was a Cornell undergraduate laid out full-size Snipe in his fraternity room, finished hull off in rented loft, graduated and then sailed the hull to victory against a fleet representing 2,000 U.S. Snipes. Now he's building himself an ocean sailboat.





#### **BEST OF THE MEN**

Bob Mosbacher, 31, independent oil producer of Houston (Texas Corinthian Yacht Club), and brother to Bus Mosbacher, famed skipper of America's Cup contender *Vim*, added more silverware to family shelf by challenging and toppling best U.S. men in Mallory Cup competitions at American Yacht Club.

#### **BEST OF THE YOUNGSTERS**

Kevin Jaffé, 16, of Darien, Conn. (Noroton Yacht Club), was top junior sailor on the Atlantic Coast, went on to Vancouver, B.C. and won three of eight races, enough to bring Sears Cup Junior North American Championship back East. His crew included one 16-year-old girl "good at setting spinnakers."





#### GOLD CUP CHAMPION

Ernest Fay, 44, shipyard owner from Houston, kept leather Texas grip on Scandinavian Gold Cup world championship won last year by fellow Corinthian YC member Bob Mosbacher.



#### BEST OF THE SIX-METER MEN

Harry McGuinn, 40, wood veneer distributor of Seattle (Seattle Yacht Club), left ocean racing two years ago to crew on his first six-meter. With two friends he bought a 20-year-old hull (it sank when first launched), picked up a hot crew and learned so much so fast that at Victoria, B.C., in spite of three terrible starts (last each time), he ran off a first and two seconds against newer hulls to win the North American six-meter championship.

#### WORLD'S BEST IN THE STAR CLASS

Bill Ficker, 30, house designer from Newport Harbor, Calif., and a career Star boat sailor, known for his ability to put satin-smooth paint finish on a boat, vainly hauled his shiny hulls to championships at Seattle, Chicago and Havana over long succession of years, finally made experience pay off this year when he sailed off with the prized gold star of the world Star champion at San Diego regatta, practically in Ficker's own backyard.

#### SAILORS outward

Their portraits show that for class-boat sailors the final victory brings a fine elation: they have all spent more money than they like to think about to get designers to make that ultimate, ideal boat which has no peer, and more time than they can afford

on strenuous racing circuits where giving up weekends is only a beginning. And they do it on the chance of becoming that single, smiling sailor, the champion of the class—or, even more happily—an over-all North American champion.

As a salute to the class-boat skippers, whose appetite for competition

gives the U.S. a deep, continuing reserve of some of the finest sailors in competition anywhere, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** presents its gallery of sailing champions—and a handsome gallery it is—-together with a roundup of U.S. winners in the major classes (*see opposite*), a coast-to-coast honor roll of American skippers.

# WINNERS OF THE TOP CLASS-BOAT TITLES

Class	Championship	Winner	Class	Championship	Winner
A SCOW	Inland Lake Regatta Lake Winnebago, Wis.	Harry Meigs Sr. Zeada Wis.	L-CLASS 18	National Newport Beach, Calif.	Burke Sawyer Newport Beach, Calif.
ATLANTIC	National Oyster Bay, N.Y.	Harry Platt Cold Spring Harbor, N.Y.	LIGO 14	National Newport Beach, Calif.	Phelps Meickel Newport Beach, Calif.
BEETLE CAT	National Oleum, Miss.	George Kirk Newton, Mass.	LIGHTNING	International Little Egg Harbor, N.J.	Henry Cawthra Grosse Pointe, Mich.
BLANCHARD	National Lake Wash., Wash.	Morris Raitray Seattle	LUIGER 18	International Chicago	Jack Villa Chicago
BLUE JAY	Div. I, Open Mamaroneck, N.Y.	John Weidenhammer Southport, Conn.	METCALF CROWDY	National Santa Barbara, Calif.	Dick Blatterman Newport Beach, Calif.
BLUE JAY	Div. II, Open Mamaroneck, N.Y.	Eald Levine Mamaroneck, N.Y.	MOYS	International Brant Beach, N.J.	Kenneth Klare Miami
COMET	International Aransjost, N.Y.	Ed Ryan Long Branch, N.J.	NOO	National Long Beach, Calif.	Bill Segrist Long Beach, Calif.
C SCOW	Inland Lake Regatta Lake Winnebago, Wis.	C. B. (Cuppy) Goss Lake Geneva, Wis.	ONE	International Larchmont, N.Y.	Seth Carson Rye, N.Y.
CINGHES	Intercollegiate Newport Beach, Calif.	William S. Widra III MIT	PC	National Newport Beach, Calif.	Dick Deaves Newport Beach, Calif.
CRABDOON	North American Port Clinton, Ohio	Richard Kraus Toledo	PELICAN	National Miami	George Snider Coral Gables, Fla.
C SCOW	Inland Lake Regatta Lake Winnebago, Wis.	Dirk Backstrom Minneapolis, Minn.	PENNAUN	National Mantoloking, N.J.	Gardner Cox Mantoloking, N.J.
E SCOW	Inland Lake Regatta Lake Winnebago, Wis.	Gordon Lottmann Milwaukee	RAVER	National Newton, Conn.	Charles E. Kingsley Oyster Bay, N.Y.
EL TORO	National Lake Merritt, Calif.	Leonard Ruby San Francisco	REBEL	National Devil's Lake, Mich.	Bruce Goldsmith Adrian, Mich.
FINN MONO	North American Marion, Mass.	Jack Knight Philadelphia	RHODES BANTAM	National Toledo	A. V. (Bud) Nicholson Stametsen, N.Y.
FIREFLY	North American Winthrop, Mass.	Bjorn Sundby Montreal	SABBY	National Newport Beach, Calif.	Tom Nute Mason Bay, Calif.
FISH	Thomas Lipton Trophy St. Petersburg, Fla.	Bilko YC Bilko, Miss.	SALEFISH	Invitational Regatta Palm Springs, N.Y.	Wayne Koch Seneca Falls, N.Y.
F 5-METER	National Galveston, Texas	Ernest Fay Houston	SEA-METER	North American Victoria, B.C.	Harry McGuane Seattle
F 5-5	North American New Orleans	Dennis Foway Larchmont, N.Y.	SEINE	National Jamestown, N.Y.	John Walcott Bridgeport, Conn.
FLYING DUTCHMAN	North American St. Michaels, Md.	Harry Sindle Lava Bette, N.J.	SHREWBIRD	National Newport Beach, Calif.	Tommy Schock Newport Beach, Calif.
HARTFORD 6-6	National Annapolis, Md.	Robert A. Clemens Annapolis, Md.	STAR	International San Diego	Bill Ficker Newport Harbor, Calif.
HIGHLANDER	International Corpus Christi, Texas	Buck Bailey Corpus Christi, Texas	THISTLE	National Mobile, Ala.	John Jennings St. Petersburg, Fla.
IGB	Season Series Long Island	Warner Wilcox New Rochelle, N.Y.	TURNABOUT	National Senior Winchester, Mass.	Theodore W. Studier Jr. Winchester, Mass.
INTL. FLATIE	World Lake Wash., Wash.	Austin Peoples Los Angeles	TURNABOUT	National Junior Squantum, Mass.	Kerry Fay Squantum, Mass.
INTERNATIONAL 14	President's Trophy Alamitos Bay, Calif.	George O'Day Marblehead, Mass.	THE	International Rye, N.Y.	Richard Sullivan Cohasset, Mass.
JET 14	National Mansfield, Ohio	Max Culppeper Terra River, N.J.	WOODPUZZLE	National Red Bank, N.J.	Borden (Bubba) Hance Fairhaven, N.J.
JOLLY BOAT	North American Annapolis, Md.	Roger Saunders Bolin, N.H.	Y-FLYER	National Charleston, S.C.	Billy Kee Charleston, S.C.
K 32	National Newport Beach, Calif.	Barney Flinn Los Angeles	ZEPHYR	National Clear Lake, Calif.	Les Fisher Berkeley, Calif.

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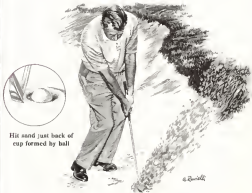
## Tip from the Top

### Playing buried and half-buried lies

**T**HE TECHNIQUE you use in a sand trap when you are faced with a buried or half-buried ball depends on whether the pin is positioned at the near or the far side of the green, whether you need to stop the ball quickly on the green or give it plenty of run.

On a short shot—that is, when the pin is on the near side, say 15 feet or so from the edge of the green—you play a sort of punch shot. You close the blade of the wedge and you aim to contact the sand about an inch behind the ball. When a ball is buried, there's usually a slight cup depression formed in the sand around the ball. You hit behind this cup. Now, on this shot there's no follow-through whatsoever. You drop the club on your spot behind the ball—and stop your swing right there. This abrupt stop has somewhat the same effect on the ball as the draw shot does in billiards. While it doesn't actually draw the ball back, there isn't going to be much overspin on the ball and it won't run too much on you and thus leave a long putt coming back.

On a long shot played from the same conditions, where the pin is on the far side of the green and there's 30 or 40 feet of green surface between you and the pin, you want some run on the ball. You set yourself up just as you would for the short shot and take similar aim an inch or so behind the ball, but this time you don't brake the club at impact with the sand. You follow through on this shot, and when the ball lands on the green there'll be sufficient roll on the ball to run it across the green and give you a good chance for a short putt.



Hit sand just back of cup formed by ball

**NEXT WEEK:** Shirley Spork on preventing excessive body motion

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## Fair game for Monsieur Louis

The chef at '21' can prepare anything from  
baby pheasants to black bear chops

WHEN John C. Borden of the textile family and his wife Judith were passing through Scotland two months ago at the height of the grouse-shooting season, they stopped at the famed Malmison restaurant in Glasgow on my suggestion and ordered grouse for dinner. Sorry, explained the maitre d'hôtel in great chagrin, but the Queen Mother had just put on two very large dinner parties at which everyone was served grouse, and there were no more of the birds to be had. "If you want to eat Scottish grouse this week," he said, "you must go to '21' in New York."

For some years Jack and Charlie's "21" has had a standing order for 200 brace of grouse to be shipped from Inverness-shire, commencing on August 12, traditional start of the season in Scotland. And on succeeding days many regulars of "21" journey in from far places to the restaurant on New York City's West 52nd Street to begin their enjoyment of this delicacy, which has long been a sportsman's favorite. (One devoted client comes every year from Bermuda, arriving promptly on August 13.)

But Scottish grouse is only one of a large number of game specialties which have helped to establish the considerable reputation of "21." Chukar partridge, mallard and other species of duck, hazel hen, Mexican quail, young Canadian snow goose and Norwegian ptarmigan are other available items in season. Larger game includes venison, of course (the ragout of venison St. Hubert is outstanding), reindeer, moose, elk, hare from Canada and, occasionally, saddle of antelope. Also, of all things, bear. Gary Cooper, I was told, on his visits to New York never misses ordering the grilled black bear chops.

Old patrons are convinced that the chef at "21" can make anything taste good. Yves Louis Pioncin, shown opposite as he starts the preparation of baby pheasants *bon viverr* (see recipe below), is the commander of the 30 cooks and their 19 helpers who man the restaurant's several kitchens. This big, blond descendant of a line of Atlantic-sailing Bretons started at "21" in 1939 as one of the fish cooks; he can look back with untroubled brow on his own career story—calm seas and a prosperous voyage through shoals of mussels *marinière*; reefs of lobsters à l'américaine, *thermidor* or *en belle-rue*; oceans of trout or crisp fried whitebait; islands of 'best' fishes—striped bass, salmon, pompano and red

snapper; not to mention vast peninsulas of sole *Dugléré*.

Today Monsieur Louis is still a fish enthusiast and an ardent fisherman, with a boat which he keeps on Long Island. Though he no longer shoots (no guns in the house, he says, on account of four children—"Les quatre gosses! les fusils alors!") he adores game and—happily for "21"—is very fussy about the manner in which it should be prepared. On the subject of wines, Louis's face lights up with the kind of smile he reserves for only the prettiest feminine visitors to his kitchens. "*Quels vins!*" he exclaims. "More than 100,000 bottles *sur place!* Monsieur John Hay Whitney and Monsieur Winthrop Aldrich and many others, they buy wines they like, they keep them in their own bins here, they drink them here."

"What do you like to cook for yourself when you go home?" I asked Monsieur Louis. "Me?" he replied. "I do not cook; my wife she cook."

For those who do sometimes cook at home and who like to dine after the manner of "21," Louis has given me his instructions for preparing the succulent dish shown in the photograph at left.

### BABY PHEASANTS BON VIVEUR (for four)

*Squab chickens, small squabs or small rock Cornish game hens may be substituted for baby pheasants.*

If using frozen birds, defrost in advance. Clean and dry four small birds, cutting off wingtips and tail pieces. Rub with cut lemon inside and out. Tie up each bird with a thin piece of fresh or salt pork fat, split to fit over the breastbone. Now coarsely chop a peeled carrot, a stalk of celery and an onion. Brown the trussed-up birds in a *sautreuse* (see photograph) or heavy pan that can be used both on top of the stove and in the oven, using four teaspoons of butter to start the browning. When browned, remove birds and brown the vegetables in the same pan, adding sprinkles of salt and pepper, a pinch of thyme and two bay leaves. Get the vegetable pieces very brown, do not be afraid of burning them.

Put the birds on top of the vegetables in the pan and place in a preheated 400° oven. Cook for half an hour. Take the pan out of the oven, cutting off the strings and removing the birds. Keep them warm in a covered serving dish or casserole (such as a deep enameled iron dish with lid) while making sauce. To do this, stir 2 tablespoons of flour into the vegetables and juices in the pan, cook gently for a few minutes; add 1½ cups of strong, heated consommé, ½ cup red wine, 1 tablespoon brandy and either 1 teaspoon meat glaze or two *houllin* cubes. Turn up the heat very high to boil the whole ferrely for five minutes; then strain directly over the birds in the serving dish. Place a slice of *pâté de foie gras* on each bird, if desired. Cover again and reheat, serving very hot.

# Now pitching for Boston

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I'M A PRETTY independent guy," says Gene Conley. And he is. "I'm pretty confident of my ability," says Gene Conley. He is that, too.

"I'm sure I can play basketball in the big league, just as I'm sure I can pitch for the Milwaukee Braves," says Gene Conley. Don't bet he can't.

Conley, a relaxed, cheerful young man of 28 to whom nearly all sports come naturally, is currently demonstrating his independence, confidence and ability by playing for the best team in professional basketball—the Boston Celtics. He is a good basketball player, who will get to be much better as he adjusts to the style of the Celtics and learns how to handle his opposite numbers around the league. But he is taking risks which would certainly frighten off many another athlete.

Immediately after the recent World Series, when Milwaukee General Manager John Quinn could hardly have been in the pleasantest frame of mind, Conley went to Quinn and asked to play basketball in the off season. Quinn pointed out the clause in the standard baseball major league contract which forbids such extracurricular activity, and said no. So Conley packed, left his wife and three children in the new house he's built in a Milwaukee suburb, and took off for Boston to try out for the Celtics. It is worth noting that he didn't bring along just a toothbrush and a change of shirts, even though he hadn't played basketball for five years and was trying to make the limited roster of a team like the Celtics. He stuffed two large bags with enough clothes for a long season. He was sure he would stick, and in a few preseason exhibition games he proved to Celtic Coach Red Auerbach that he was adhesive.

Meanwhile, the Milwaukee brass

threatened to take the matter to National League President Warren Giles and hinted at fines and other disciplinary measures. Conley knew this would happen; it took courage to face such inevitable publicity when there was a good chance that the Celtics would find his basketball talents inadequate and he'd be obliged to go back to Milwaukee with his tail between his legs. After he had won a place on the Celtics squad and had signed a contract, the Milwaukee management wired him reluctant consent to play, apparently bowing as gracefully as possible to the inevitable.

"I'm not trying to start anything for other baseball players to follow," says Conley. "After all, how many of them are 6 feet 8? I played basketball and baseball in college without any trouble. [He led his Washington State team to regional championships.] I played pro basketball in 1953 and then went on to my best

continued

# CELANESE GALLERY OF CHAMPIONS



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#### PRO BASKETBALL *continues*

season as a pitcher. [He was 23-9 with Toledo in the American Association.] Maybe the same thing will happen this time. I don't want to sit around home all winter brooding about what happened to me last season. [Though he struck out 52 in 72 innings, his record was 9-6.] Don't believe what you hear about my arm being sore. It's not. And I'm definitely not quitting baseball. I'll say this—after running with the pros in this league all winter, I'll be weeks ahead of everyone else on conditioning when I report for spring training. Meanwhile, I think I can help the Celtics, and they must think so, too."

Says Coach Red Auerbach: "Conley made this team legitimately. We don't need him as a gate attraction; we've got the most attractive team in basketball without him. I just wish we'd had him regularly since '53. He'd be great now."

In the few games Conley has played for the Celtics thus far he has shown exactly how and why they can use him. His natural-athlete's timing, far more than mere height, makes him a strong rebounder. He will complement Bill Russell in this department, especially since all rival teams make it their business to try to force or lure Russell away from the boards. With Ben Swain, he will allow Auerbach to rest Russell occasionally. He has a good hook shot, that most potent of all scoring weapons, which Russell has yet to develop. After five years of disuse it is presently erratic, but seems bound to become a welcome addition to the Celtics' armament. Most important of all, Conley has an instinctive aggressiveness.

It is mistakenly assumed that playing with the slick, speedy Celtics constitutes the toughest reintroduction to pro basketball that Conley (or anyone else) could attempt. In reality, this is Conley's luckiest break. On some other clubs, less rich in player depth, he might well be thrown into games on a sink-or-swim basis. He might improve and he might not. But the Celtics are gluttons with talent, and Auerbach can bring Conley along carefully, giving him time to learn the moves of rival big men without fear of repeated failures and using him at the precise times when his improving skills fit specific game requirements.

Without question, he will help the Celtics to another Eastern title. **END**



CHARLES GOREN / Cards

## When Ely deserted Culbertson

CONTRACT BRIDGE is little more than 30 years old, so quite a few of today's stars have played with and against every great player who ever brightened a tournament entry list. Yet if a poll were taken to select the five top players of all time, the nearest approach to acclamation would be in the choice of the foremost woman player, and here my favorite partner and recent guest columnist, Helen Sobel, would be chosen in a landslide.

There was a time in the early days of contract when the spotlight was focused on another glamorous female—Josephine Culbertson. Jo was a generation ahead of Helen, yet they joined forces in the twilight of Mrs. Culbertson's career at a time when Helen was just coming along. That was in the summer of 1937. Helen paired with Charles Vogelhofer of Brooklyn to team up with Ely and Jo Culbertson for a shot at the European Championship in Budapest. She brought back with her this hand from the Budapest Congress, a hand which well deserves a permanent place in our archives.

Both sides vulnerable  
South dealer

NORTH

SOUTH

WEST

EAST

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
3♠	PASS	3♠	PASS
4♠	PASS	4♠	PASS
4 N.T.	PASS	5♠	PASS
5♠	PASS	PASS	PASS

Culbertson held the West hand. He and Jo were defending against Johannes Bruns, ranked at the time as one of the best players in Europe. Culbertson had been among those who took an early position against the trump lead as an opening against a slam bid. Nevertheless, in the face of this auction he chose to lead a spade. Mrs. Culbertson signaled with a high heart.

North's 8 held the trick and declarer led a diamond to the king. If East had held the ace of diamonds, or if Culbertson, having won with the ace, had returned a heart in obedience to East's signal, South would have made the slam. But Culbertson ignored the come-on in hearts to continue with a trump.

Declarer won and cashed the queen and jack of diamonds, discarding a club from dummy. Now, if South had held the 7 of diamonds and West the 6, the contract would still have been made. But dummy had to ruff the fourth diamond, remaining with only two trumps to take care of declarer's three possible losers in clubs. In desperation, declarer decided to take the club finesse. When this lost, Culbertson returned his last trump, and South ended up down two tricks on a hand that should have made against almost any reasonable distribution of the cards, and would have been made in spite of the evil arrangement of the opponents' hands had it not been for Culbertson's repeated trump leads.

It would be nice to conclude this tale by reporting that the Culbertson-Sobel team went on to win the European Championship. In fact, they finished second to a strong Austrian team. That was perhaps the one and only chance the U.S. will ever have to win this event, which since that time has been open only to nations who are members of the European Bridge League.

### EXTRA TRICK

Culbertson's opponents were using one of his own weapons against him—the Four-Five No Trump bid. His was the first of the ace-asking conventions and in the early days it was bitterly protested by players in England, who complained that it was as bad as laying one's cards on the table. Some Europeans today still prefer the Culbertson Four No Trump to Blackwood's simpler but less disciplined bid. Using Blackwood, anybody is at liberty to bid four no trump to start the asking. This sometimes places experienced players at the mercy of thoughtless partners. Culbertson imposed the restriction that the Four No Trump bidder must himself hold either two aces and the king of a bid suit or three aces. North's bid in the agreed suit—in this hand, spades—was a sign-off denying any aces.

END



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## BATON ROUGE BANDITS

continued from page 19

employee of the university, a custodian in the dormitories, since an industrial-plant injury years ago forced him to give up heavy work.

Cannon's 1956 freshman team included Rabb and Robinson and Fugler and was perhaps the best in the school's history. They bowled over everything in sight, and LSU supporters could hardly wait for the 1957 season when they would come up to the varsity as sophomores. When 1957 finally arrived, however, it was slightly disconcerting to Tiger fans to discover that sophomores, even such gifted ones as these, usually manage to play like sophomores. Billy averaged 5½ yards a carry, gaining 583 yards from scrimmage, and led the conference in kickoff returns, but he is the first to admit that there was an awful lot he needed to learn about playing football.

"I made," he grins now, "quite a few mistakes."

### WHEN THE CHIPS ARE DOWN

Apparently the year of experience was all that he needed, however, for no one has been able to catch LSU's No. 20 doing anything wrong since. Less spectacular than last year because of all the attention he receives from the opposition—every defense is keyed to stop him and two or three linebackers usually dog his every step—Billy has still managed to gain 512 yards in eight games. Only twice has he been able to get his hands on kickoffs—other teams now seem to have the word that there are better places on the field to kick a football than the spot occupied by Billy Cannon—and these he has run back 82 yards. He has caught passes and thrown them, done much of the punting and kicked extra points, defended magnificently and become a bone-crunching blocker. But it is when the Tigers need vital yardage, when things are getting tough, that Cannon is at his best. When LSU faces third down and six, everyone in the stadium knows who is going to get the ball.

"Billy's by far the best athlete I've ever coached," says Dietzel. "He's stronger, faster, tougher. He can do more things well. And he improves from week to week. Give him a step and he's gone. But if there's no room, he'll run over you. When he does it hurts."

"He's a tremendously intelligent boy—in some ways, he is really brilliant—and he has grown up. He's mature, and he knows what he wants out of life. He's a leader—this team is unusual in that respect; Fugler and Rabb and Robinson are leaders, too, and I think that explains our success as much as anything else. Billy Cannon is a great individual football player," says Dietzel, "but even more important, he's a great team man."

Cannon is certainly intelligent, and this goes far beyond his B average in a prebendal course. With a deceptive Deep South drawl, he is smart enough to talk about his blockers instead of about himself and to give all the credit for LSU's startling success to his teammates, his coaches and even to the howling mob of fans. And also, of course, to his wife and family, without whose help he would have had quite a bit more trouble living down a teen-age indiscretion involving a stolen bottle of whisky and the long arm of the Louisiana law. It is an incident which has been overpublicized both locally and nationally and really wouldn't have been so bad except that Billy Cannon was Billy Cannon—and he got caught. Billy had to check in with the probation officer for a month or so, and then everything was all right.

"I've always been sorry it happened," says Cannon. "But I guess all kids make mistakes. In one way, I guess it was good for me. I learned a lesson I'll never forget."

Typical of Billy, this too is an understatement. He has been a model student and citizen ever since. Married to his high school sweetheart, Dorothy Dupuy, in the summer of 1956, Billy is now the father of two little girls—Terri Lynn, who was born just before the '57 season, and Gina Leigh, who was born just before this one. The Cannons live in a house a few blocks from Istrouma High. The house is in Billy's name but actually, he says, "It belongs to my daddy and the mortgage company. Mostly the mortgage company."

With only Mississippi State this weekend and Tulane on November 22 separating LSU from its first perfect season in 50 years, the school and the city have gone football mad. Impromptu pep rallies wind their way across the lovely old campus almost every night, the flames of bonfires lighting up the yellow stucco walls

*continued*



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and red tile roofs of the buildings and threatening the existence of the moss-hung oaks and cypresses which dot the grounds. Because United Press International placed the Tigers second to Iowa last week in its football poll (the Associated Press, perhaps in self-defense, had them No. 1), LSU students banged the UPI in effigy. The enthusiasm even overflowed onto the practice field: Dietzel had to halt one workout while a cheering horde of students, accompanied by the band, paraded across the field and stopped to give a few cheers.

Baton Rouge has always been crazy about football, and last year, even with a team which lost half its games, LSU set a Southeastern Conference attendance record. This season that record has been smashed to bits.

LSU has been playing its games at night for more than 20 years, and in Baton Rouge they do not consider this strange at all. In fact, it is almost a necessity. An industrial town, Baton Rouge operates on a three-shifts-a-day schedule, and night football enables workers from two shifts to see the games. "I didn't care much for it at first," says Dietzel. "Now I think it's great."

"For a while, it seemed a bit peculiar to me, too," says LSU's dynamic young athletic director, Jim Corbett. "Now I wouldn't have it any other way."

Because it's a night affair, LSU football has become perhaps more of a social event than would be possible someplace else. Instead of having parties after the game, people in Baton Rouge dress as if they were going to the opera, have cocktail parties and buffets before the game, then troop to the stadium en masse. "Sometimes they have parties after the game, too," says Athletic Director Corbett, "although that makes a rather long day."

You would almost think that the city and the school would never want to see the '58 season end. And yet they can hardly wait, which isn't entirely due to anticipation about the Sugar Bowl. What they are waiting for is next year, when they can really prove how good LSU is. You see, there are only three seniors on Dietzel's entire squad, which means that in 1959 almost everyone will be back. Cannon and Fugler and Rabb and Robinson. The Go team. And don't forget those Chinese Bandits. **END**



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# THE WILDEST PROVINCE OF THE SEA

**In the depths of the colder oceans lies a strange and fearful world which few men have explored. Here is the story of deep-ocean free diving**

**by PETER R. GIMBEL**

**A** WATER SURFACE has the quality of a veil, perhaps the most marvelous veil in creation. It is the natural barrier between the two worlds of the planet earth, the world of air and the world of water. Its character is in the eyes of the beholder: infinitely hostile to some and vastly mysterious to others. For most people it has both qualities. The artfulness of the surface veil lies in the fact that it suggests with purity and truth the temper of the world it hides, while actually revealing nothing. Over the shallow reefs of the tropic seas, it is pale and enchanting and full of sun; beneath it lie the coral reefs and white sand bottoms, and in those fight-blue, sunny waters swim brightly colored creatures. It is for the most part a cheerful world full of dazzling color. But the surface of the temperate oceans is a hostile veil. It is dark and wild, especially far from land. It is fitting that it is so, for the world it conceals is not friendly either but a world of somber, neutral color tones, of icy cold, and a gray and planeless wilderness called middle ground that lies between the surface and the bottom but out of sight of both.

Near the shore, the hostility of the surface barrier is apt to be diminished. A diver can orient himself with land, the world he knows. The veil has an edge, a place to peek around without too much exposure. The hostility and the mystery have a limit, and all is well. Far at sea, beyond sight of land, the ocean presents a different face. The veil stretches infinitely on every side. The mystery and hostility, especially on the dark surfaces of the temperate seas, are boundless.

There is no reference point, no certainty, only a world of water drowning everything familiar, even the memory of land. The surface is a psychological barrier. "We were out of sight of land, with 1,500 fathoms of water under the keel, and the whale herd diving and spouting around the ship." When Cousteau wrote that in *The Silent World*, summing up the situation before a dive, the idea of the vast inimical wilderness of the open sea was very much with him.

In the broadest sense the hazards of deep-ocean diving fall into two categories, psychological and external; but to imply in the slightest that the former are any less real than the latter would be very wrong. Any dive has a rhythm, a sort of self-imposed pace or control that creates a sense of security and well-being. Breathing under water through a mouthpiece, or even with a full face mask, demands it. This rhythm is not something that one thinks about, but it is there, and when it is shattered the dive becomes chaotic and precipitates the external dangers in a disastrous rush.

Skin-diving without the use of any breathing apparatus has been practiced for centuries by pearl and sponge divers, mostly in tropical latitudes. But skin-diving with self-contained underwater breathing apparatus (scuba), properly called free diving, has within the last decade put so much mobility at a diver's disposal that those who were explorers by nature were bound to extend the frontiers. And so they have. They will dive far from land and will, if necessary, go deep (as much as 200 to 225

feet). All those who do it, and do it consistently and with security, know that this deep open-ocean free diving is a specialty, with its own peculiar dangers and tremendous allure. The promise of the unknown seems grand to them and draws them outward from the littoral, deep below the surface, always beyond the hazy perimeter of their vision. They are willing to pay the price of a well-calculated risk in the knowledge that they will reap the reward of discovery. Ignorance and curiosity sire all their explorations.

Jumping into the sea, breaking through the veil out of sight of land is an act one grows accustomed to after a while. It becomes exhilarating, an expression of a man's belief in his own indestructibility, a belief without which no one should undertake open-ocean diving. It signifies the clean, decisive beginning of a dive: the forethought and perhaps apprehension are left behind; the act is begun; imagination is disintegrated in a single split-second instant by the rush of reality. The passage between two worlds produces a unique feeling even in divers not much given to abstract thoughts. It has a brilliance and a purity, that leap far at sea.

As the explosion of tiny bubbles from the impact clears away, the first sweeping look around reveals one of the greatest differences between offshore and coastal diving: the characteristic clarity and luminosity of deep-ocean water. Sometimes the first look about catches a fast-running pelagic fish—tuna, jack or mackerel—silver, solid-bodied and wild; or a massive jelly-fish, its streaming sting-

ers pulsating in the bright-lit blue. Of course, the color difference between tropical and temperate water is tremendous, even far at sea. The oceans outside the tropical belts are darker in tone and less clear as a result of the greater concentrations of plankton, but they are not necessarily less beautiful. Within 30 or 40 feet of the surface, on a sunny day, the ocean water 15 or 20 miles off New England, eastern Long Island or California can be a breathtaking blue of a sort that hardly ever occurs in the warmer seas where the superclarity (visibility sometimes reaches 150 feet) renders the color paler and less dramatic. But it is not color alone that gives open-ocean water a look so separate from coastal zones. It is a quality more definable in the feeling of hugeness and exposure it produces: the power of the liquid bond against the diver's skin, a free-flowing link with every other creature of that wall-less world.

In self-contained diving, one of the great limiting factors is time. All free divers carry a watch on deep dives. Their air supply is limited, and the deeper the dive the more critical the time factor becomes since the volume of air consumed with each breath increases in proportion with the depth. Because of this and also because the decompression tables (which define the limits of time and depth within which a diver is relatively safe from bends and indicate the maximum rate of ascent in the event that the limits have been exceeded) are calculated from the time of departure from the surface, a fast descent is really mandatory in deep free diving. Not that a slow descent is unsafe. In fact, it is safer in certain ways, but it is inefficient. Anyone who makes a deep dive presumably has a good reason for doing it and wants the maximum time at his objective depth. His air supply is a known quantity, and the decompression tables are intended to bring him up safely from deep down. If he wants to add safety factors to safety factors, he probably does not want the dive enough. If, on the other hand, for physiological reasons or because of poor technique, he is unable to "clear" his ears under rapidly

continued



PREPARING FOR A DIVE in North Atlantic waters, Gumbel dons the heavy foam-rubber suit which protects him to some degree from the paralyzing cold of the depths.

increasing pressure, he is not qualified for deep diving.

Other than being able to equalize the pressure in the ears rapidly, deep free diving has no arbitrary prerequisites that do not apply to shallow diving. It seems too obvious to mention that the greater distance a diver puts between himself and the surface the less room he leaves for error. Like the skier who undertakes downhill racing, he is betting that whatever condition he finds ahead he will be able to handle. There comes a depth—and it varies too much with particular conditions to say exactly what it is—when you have stopped hedging your bets. It naturally follows that anyone who dives below 40 or 50 feet should be well beyond the point where he might feel compelled, due to general insecurity, to get to the surface immediately.

A descending line should be used as a safety measure in all offshore dives without exception. Its purpose is not, as might be supposed, for a diver to haul himself to the bottom. The slender filament serves rather as a guide which, if properly placed, will lead to the exact spot at which the diver wants to arrive on the sea floor. It performs another function that can be even more important: it marks the exact point where the diver submerged, so that in case the surface party monitoring his bubbles (which is absolutely the only way of knowing the location of a submerged free diver once he is out of sight) loses the trail—something that is very easy to do in weather that is anything less than ideally calm—the boat will know the general area in which to search. Anyone who has ever made a dive far at sea and surfaced only to see his tender, having lost the bubbles, searching aimlessly a half mile away, out of sight except when both he and the boat rise simultaneously on the crest of a wave, and has vainly yelled into the wind to attract attention as the waves slapped him in the teeth and hope looked out of him will never again be likely to dive without placing a marker.

In terms of environmental change, there are probably very few experiences to compare in drama with a diver's rapid passage in temperate waters to a depth of 125 to 150 feet. Within a minute, the pressure on every square inch of his body increases fivefold; the temperature is likely to

drop about 20° Fahrenheit; the light will fall from bright to twilight, and the dominant background colors will change from sunlit shades to neutral gloom. The planet he knew vanishes in a self-propelled, headlong plunge, a mere instant in duration.

The informal way that these "log" dives get under way gives them a strangely casual quality at the start. Considering the violent speed of the environmental change, it seems somehow that they should start with some wonderfully ceremonious act like the *passe* before a bullfight or the final countdown for a huge missile. But that is not at all the way it really is. Once the divers are in the water and whatever equipment they are going to take with them, such as cameras, has been passed down from the boat, they usually plunge without a sign or word. Often just a look of mutual readiness passes between them.

The plunge starts at or near the buoy of the descending line. If there is a current of any consequence running, most divers will circle the line tightly in one hand or let it run under an arm. In any case they will keep it in view until they see bottom, just as a pilot will stay on a radio beam during his landing approach until he sees the runway lights lined up. Hardly any free divers use their arms for swimming. They are usually carrying something and, besides, arm motion creates more drag than propulsion for an underwater swimmer using swim fins and a strong flutter kick. Arms streamlined along their sides or holding whatever they are carrying up against their chests, they dive head-first and steeply downward, "clearing" their ears at frequent intervals at first. Some fortunate people with completely unobstructed Eustachian

*(let continued on page 77)*

## A PORTRAIT GALLERY FROM THE DEPTHS

The color photographs on the following pages—the hideous apparition at right is an angler fish—were taken last summer between the beginning of June and the end of August. They represent the weekend efforts of Peter Gimbel, who wrote the accompanying article, and his friend Michael Gagnon, a premedical student at Muhlenberg College. Diving together, except for one dive that Gimbel made alone, the two men made the first underwater explorations of two rocky areas 20 to 30 miles out to sea west of Montauk Point on Long Island. The dives were made from the *Gen II*, a charter boat out of Montauk Harbor, owned by her skipper, Everett DeFried, and crewed on these occasions by Ellis (Robbie) Robinson, the mate, and Gimbel's wife Mary. To these three fell the very considerable responsibility of keeping the boat within the area of the dives and spotting the divers when they surfaced.

The photographs taken in the frigid and tide-swept depths were difficult and sometimes dangerous to come by. Once, in an adventure as bizarre as it was terrifying, the divers almost lost their lives. Gimbel recalls it as follows:

"We were exploring a place called Cox Ledge, about 35 miles east of Montauk Point. Cox Ledge is actively fished by the party boats out of the Connecticut shore and Montauk Point. On this occasion, we dived to a depth of 130 feet, orienting our descent by following the anchor line of the party boat *Majas*. We soon came upon a very strange sight in-

stead. A cluster of half a dozen or more fishhooks temptingly baited were jerking up and down near the bottom, their leaden unkers plunging into the sand. Several fish were very much interested in the baits, and we saw one cod get hooked and go struggling up into the gray light of the middle ground between the other lines that looked like slender and mysterious filaments suspended through a fog. I became so intrigued with this scene that before I realized it I was in the very midst of the wildly jerking hooks and almost instantly was hooked in three or four places. Holding the camera, which I was not willing to release and risk losing in the poor light, I began slowly to rise with the upward-pulling hooks. I was more than a little worried by the suddenly chaotic turn of things. Michael, who was not encumbered by carrying anything and who had sized up the situation almost before it developed, was with me in an instant and had me free within a few seconds. However, he was soon hooked himself and, while he was busy removing the steel from his hide, my face mask was suddenly yanked from my face by still another hook, leaving me blind. This, of course, was serious. I reached desperately above my head and luckily grabbed the mask, which I pulled free of the hook and flushed dry with a great start of relief. Michael meanwhile had got himself loose, and we hastily swam out of the angling range of the *Majas* in considerable awe, if not downright fear, of the effectiveness of her fishermen."

*Photographs by Peter E. Gimbel and Michael Gagnon*





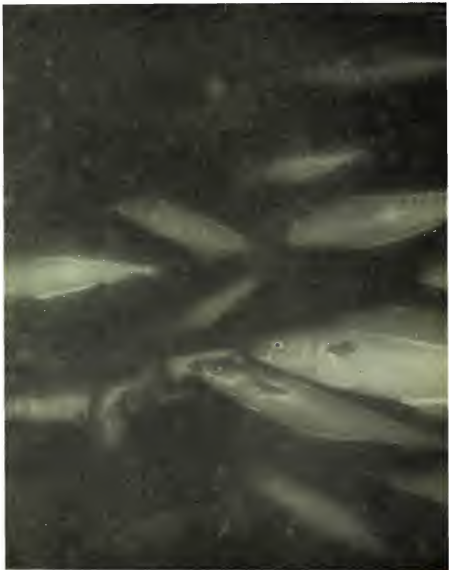


In the dim light 110 feet down, small cunners dart about, and a clump of exquisite orange sea anemones adds a dash of color to the drab scene.

As if ashamed of their ugliness and distrustful of the somber world around them, two eelpouts huddle together under a rock ledge at 115 feet.







**F**or a moment the empty vastness of the ocean is filled with life: a dense school of pollock swims ghostlike over the top of a ledge.



The bizarre mottled sea raven, a species kin to the common sculpin, lies in a sparse growth of sea anemones on the silt-covered bottom.

tubes need make no effort at all to equalize pressure on both sides of the eardrums. That is not typical, however. Yawning, swallowing or blowing vigorously through the nose while blocking the nostrils with the lower flange of the face mask are measures resorted to by most divers during a rapid descent.

From the surface, a silver-bright and crinkled skylight, and the sun-soaked blue of the shallow layer, they glide in a few seconds down into the magnificent cobalt blue that sometimes begins in the temperate latitudes about 30 to 40 feet down. Above them the surface is still definable, but their eyes are sighting downward, and now below there is nothing but colorless gray fading darkly away. They strain to see something, anything. The light source of the surface is above them and the bottom dark; the optical effect is the same as standing in a lighted room and peering through a window into the night. You cannot see out. Divers heading downward in deep waters toward a dark bottom feel they are plunging into blackness, that the light must surely run out in the next few feet. It rarely does, though often it looks frighteningly black below. Descending into what looks like total darkness can be very unnerving.

Somewhere around 50 feet the divers cross a thermocline—a plane at which the layer of surface water whose temperature is affected by atmospheric conditions comes into contact with the deeper layers of ocean water. The line of demarcation is astonishingly abrupt; the waters do not mix. It is like diving into a cold pool. Only the divers' hands (if they are not wearing gloves) and a small part of their faces are exposed, but they feel the iciness there immediately, and even through the insulated material of their suits the chill makes them shrink a bit. As a rule, the first thermocline coincides with another psychological hazard: the upper limit of the middle ground.

The middle ground, more than anything else, gives deep-ocean diving its hostile quality. It has no formal limits according to depth. It is that area where neither the surface nor the bottom are visible, only a diffused light source above and darkness below and all around a dismal gray. Ocean water often may be brilliant blue at the surface, but in the

temperate seas below the first thermocline there is only neutral gray. Sometimes when there is considerable organic matter suspended in the water, as often occurs below the thermocline, the middle ground has a brownish cast. There are no planes or surfaces here. A man feels himself a speck at the dreadfully exposed center of an enormous open sphere of hostile ocean bounded only by the hazy limits of his visibility. There is no sensation of weight and no reference point to indicate any horizontal or vertical direction except for the bubbles which, in rhythmic bursts, rise from the regulator. It is just as easy to swim down as it is to swim up or level. The middle ground makes a human being want to tuck his legs up tight against his belly and see in all directions at once. It is the heartland of the sea, the true bulk and mass of it, and for a free-swimming, free-roaming man it is a wilderness, a wasteland. It is the place to be a man of small imagination lest one fall prey to the nameless fear of breath-freezing surprise by whatever there is in that fluid fastness, some unexpected colossus brushing close by. There is very little loitering in the middle ground, the wildest province of the sea.

#### A LAYER OF ICY CLARITY

In the temperate Atlantic off New England and Long Island, the middle ground may extend down to within 20 or 30 feet of the bottom, the reduced visibility, particularly in the summer months, resulting from the rather dense concentration of plankton and tiny jellyfish. The lower limit of the middle ground in those waters often coincides with a second thermocline, where the enormous volume of the cold central layer flows over an even icier layer of brilliantly clear water lying along the ocean floor. This bottom stratum of very cold, clear water varies greatly in thickness, possibly in some proportion to the total depth. It only occurs in water deep enough and far enough offshore to be largely unaffected by surface turbulence, a crystal-clear covering of the ocean floor that has been observed in many parts of the world, not only in the relatively shallow water of the continental shelves (down to about 600 feet), but in the great ocean depths of several thousand feet as well.

Certain types of waves, specifically the very long swells that often follow a severe storm at sea, cause motion to

surprising depths, and these of course disturb bottom sediments and cause extreme turbidity especially near the bottom. The depth of a wave is usually equal to one-half its length. Thus, if the swells are running 300 feet from crest to crest, there will probably be strong wave motion down to 150 feet.

While swells of this wave length are rather unusual on the continental shelf, tidal currents are very much the norm, and these affect most of the waters on the continental shelves to a depth of several hundred feet. These tidal currents can be troublesome if it is necessary to swim against them but, as a rule, they are not swift enough far offshore, in view of their smooth, steady movement, to roll up the bottom. However, near irregular coastlines or around islands the tidal currents can be astonishingly variable and swift, and in these circumstances the water is likely to be very turbid.

Plunging down out of the emptiness of the middle ground into view of the bottom brings a sensation of immense relief and security to most divers. The feeling of chaos and vulnerability vanishes. The ocean floor is land, perhaps a very strange land, but still solid, safe, familiar, an end of the sea. It is a surface, a plane, the most fundamental basis of a land animal's orientation, something that he is virtually never without in his whole life except in the middle ground of the sea.

It is just as misleading to generalize about the appearance of the ocean bottom as about land masses. There are, however, basic patterns, at least in the depths that a free diver reaches, that are likely to hold true; and the patterns, not surprisingly, are like those to be found on land masses in the same latitudes. Just as the overall tone of flora and fauna in temperate lands is likely to be rather subdued compared with the garish opulence of tropical life, so it is in their bordering seas as well. The entire range of temperate colors is more somber. The average bottom color is drab; the light at comparable depths is dimmer; the water is darker and has a colder, wintry look. Furthermore, representative species of the same families of fish and plants reflect this autumnal quality of the seas beyond the tropical and subtropical belts. For example, the warm-water representatives of the multitudinous wrasse family are the brilliantly

*continued*

colored hogfish and blue-heads, but the northern species of wrasses includes the dully mottled gray-black tautog and the little cunner, an undistinguished gray. The anemones, often so brilliantly wrought in the tropics, usually turn out an unattractive chartreuse or dull pink. But the anemones, too, are the exception that prove the rule: sometimes you will come upon a small cluster in the temperate waters south of Block Island or Martha's Vineyard so delicately and beautifully colored they seem misplaced in such a somber world.

The colder oceans, with their dim light so strangely diffused by its long passage through the middle ground, produce one of the coldest neutral tones in all the world, a bizarre twilight—the emaciated light of day. And the scene it lights is just as outlandish: the muddy brown or gray of the bottom deposits; the huge lumpy boulders of the deep ledges covered with drab growth, made more so by startling contrast with an occasional delicate vermillion starfish or an exquisite anemone so delicately formed that it looks like a blossom made of pollen; the big schools of slow swimming pollack and cod, grave and austere, amidst the curious little cunners darting all about; the occasional shark appearing big and ghostly at the perimeter of vision, gliding close by without movement and watched anxiously out of sight by the divers hovering horizontal beneath their clusters of rising silver bubbles; the numerous flatfish lying inconspicuous on the bottom mud, their bulging eyes, both on the upper side, staring vacantly up; and under nearly every rock the atavistic-looking biennials, sometimes two or three to a rock, with just their heads sticking out, long eel-like fishes with the and amber eyes of a hound dog—all part of that submerged wilderness colored in graveyard hues. The austere shades, weird profiles and cold light set a grim mood compared with the light cheerfulness of the tropics.

Despite the stability he may derive from wide experience, any diver at depth is psychologically susceptible to his environment. His mood will take its cue from the tone of his surroundings. Below 130 or 140 feet, divers commence to respond to the narcotic effect of breathing air under high pressure. Nitrogen narcosis is a phenomenon of breathing air under

high pressures has been known for many years but has been reborn glamorously in this era of free diving under such partially misleading aliases as "rapture of the deep" and "drunkenness of the depths." From both these names, one could infer that the dominant feeling of nitrogen narcosis is one of buoyant well-being, which is indeed sometimes the case. But whatever it is called, a basic fact of nitrogen narcosis is that it produces a central-nervous-system depression. The reaction to this depressant effect varies from person to person; in fact, it often varies enormously with the same diver on different occasions or in changed circumstances. Nitrogen narcosis, like most narcotics—and like alcohol, too—often intensifies the subject's existing mood. A diver's mood, strongly affected as it is at depth by environmental conditions, is almost certain to be more carefree in the clear, light-filled waters of the tropics than in the somber surroundings of temperate oceans. Since free diving had its most vigorous beginnings in the clear-water latitudes, nitrogen narcosis came to be known by benign names suggestive of happy abandon. This series of conclusions, which seems so neat in theory as to be suspect, does, nevertheless, hold up in practice. But, though it is known around the Mediterranean as *L'irresistible des grandes profondeurs* (rapture of the deep), nitrogen narcosis is called familiarly the "uglies" by the very capable California divers of the temperate seas who refer to the phenomenon with considerable respect but not much affection.

#### NIGHTMARES IN THE MEASURELESS SEA

The hostile wilderness of temperate waters at great depths infects divers with some degree of apprehension, and that is apt to be the mood, conscious or subconscious, which narcosis intensifies. Divers in the pressing gloom of temperate seas rarely feel euphoria. They are sometimes overwhelmed by a sense of nightmarish unreality, of nameless monsters lurking just beyond their perimeter of vision, of their utter frailness in the midst of the measureless bulk of flowing sea. None of these feelings are akin in any way to the light-hearted symptoms of nitrogen narcosis in the tropics. They are dark, fearful feelings of general dread and panic born of the cheerless twilight.

As with many real hazards that are recognized but not controllable,

experience is the effective countermeasure. Every seasoned diver going below a certain depth (it varies considerably in individuals) knows that he will fall under the narcotic effect of nitrogen. He simply accepts that handicap as one of the occupational difficulties of the game, like his relative clumsiness and his inability to use water as an oxygen source as a fish does. He learns to control those narcotic reactions that might become runaway. While it is true that most people under the effect of nitrogen narcosis lose a certain amount of their normal purpose, vigor and ingenuity and sometimes make an impressive number of silly mistakes, those used to deep diving very seldom make fundamental errors. A highly developed determination to survive speaks with a clear voice through even the heaviest haze. After all, there seldom is a reprieve from the sentence imposed by submission to heavy nitrogen narcosis in any of its forms, and especially the panic variety of dark waters. There is no breathing regulator made that can feed enough air to a terror-stricken man at the great depths where gas, being dense from compression, flows more reluctantly than normal. The vicious circle of panic, a false sense of insufficient air and fatigue are a stern combination when they get started.

A diver ascending from great depths finds almost immediate relief from nitrogen narcosis and from all the other hazards, psychological and real, as well. Just as he feels during his headfirst plunge that he is diving into an alien gulf, so, when he starts his upward swim, the reality of his own familiar world of air grows with every foot he rises toward the brightening sunlight. Even the overwhelming quality of the middle ground loses much of its power; he is headed for the light of day and he knows well what is there. The very sound of lessening pressure is a strangely reassuring note of relief. The noise of air feeding through a demand regulator, urgent—almost screaming—at depth moderates progressively and becomes peaceful in the shallower zones. The bubbles seem bigger and happier-looking—they look more glasslike and less metallic. It is quite amazing how harmoniously these sights and sounds of ascending blend with the feelings of a diver swimming up from the hidden mansions of the sea, returning to his own familiar world of free air and daylight. **END**

# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE *The readers take over*

## SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR (CONT.)

**Sirs:**  
Without a doubt, the selection of one individual as Sportsman of the Year is a herculean task. He must be a proven leader, a star performer and dedicated to his sport. He should be no current flash having a good year. Here in my home town there is just such a champion and sportsman:

Last year he broke his leg at Del Mar. The local writers said that this marked the end of a great career: he couldn't come back. But he did. He was second in winners and stakes victories only to Willie Shoemaker at Hollywood Park. He beat The Shoe and the then proud Round Table in the \$100,000 Californian by four lengths.

This summer the annual riding champ of Del Mar again broke his leg. This time, they said, the man who rode Count Fleet to the Triple Crown was surely through. He couldn't come back again.

Well, he is going to. Some may doubt it. Not I. I know him, know him as an athlete whose devotion and proficiency are not just a means of earning a living, but a way of life.

My nomination is Johnny Longden, gentleman, horseman, winner of more than 5,000 races, grandfather and always the courageous sportsman.

DON S. BOLLER

Arcadia, Calif.

**Sirs:**

Jimmy Brown, the Cleveland Browns' one-man offense, is my choice.

TOM MCGOVERN

Syracuse, N.Y.

## FOOTBALL: FREE RIDE

**Sirs:**

In your October 13 article on the Block O cheating section at Ohio State (Who's Who at Ohio State) you offered a free subscription to anyone in the picture who

identified herself, with two friends attending. I am one of the 17 girls with sunglasses. I bet I am not the only one you are going to hear from.

MARY MILLER

Columbus, Ohio

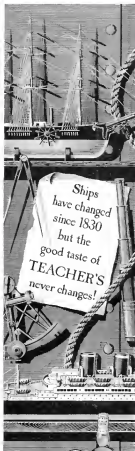
• No, Miss Miller, you were not the only one. Here are some others.—ED.

Roberts M. Strang  
Baron Mueller  
Robert Vail  
Robert Ross  
Nancy Macken  
Judy M. Kyles  
David L. Hoffman  
Sally Levine  
Jane A. Jacobson  
Bob Thompson  
Marilyn Good  
Lee Rait  
Nancy Manion  
Mary Jane Wagner  
Phyllis Rosenblatt  
Carol Trevelyan  
Sue Freiler  
Andrea Schaefer  
Jane Crawford  
Jack Rothman  
Phyllis Lyons Day  
Suzanne Miller  
Patricia Speth  
Franklin Rosenblatt  
Diane Holliger

Morrison Gilbert  
Bernice Kellish  
John T. Paxton  
Jack Lawrence  
Arlene Cohen  
Joyce Reiter  
Barbara Randall  
James Albright  
Margery Miller  
Sue Thompson  
Sandra Simon  
Dale Edwards  
Robert Carroll  
Nancy Campbell  
Virginia Matson  
Karyl Olsen  
Alice Boland  
Edward H. Holger  
Sandra Roberts  
David A. Parker  
Suzanne G. Long  
Sandra Layble  
Mary E. Glimmer  
Carol Robinson  
Heater London

Mary Jane Forman  
Sandra Kay Crawford  
Sally Edgington  
Sue Kay Ridgeway  
Linda Walker  
Dorothy Bergman  
Joan R. Vasson  
Fred Silber  
Joan Fleisher  
Nancy Davis  
Nancy Butler  
Susan Bergman  
Judy Shearer  
Dorothy Davidson  
Ruth Tapp  
Terry Hagen  
Joyce Hansen  
Frank Shipley  
Richard Roden  
A. J. Brinkman  
Marilyn Vasson  
Dana Rodden  
Johanna Richards  
Ann K. Thompson  
Darlene Hunter

Linda Hood  
Dorothy Gross  
Wilma Clavens  
Ann Cox  
Larry Layman  
John M. Asaph  
Dennis G. Lester  
Pat Jones  
Julie Brucki  
Sandra Brown  
Joyce Short  
Jane Segal  
Marianne Deatherage  
Shirley Ryan  
Lennie Price  
Barbara Stevens  
Carolyn Bryant  
James Roach  
Linda Wagonella  
Betty C. Powell  
Charlotte Short  
Geraldine Miles  
Jeanne M. Fay  
Ann Nordeman  
J. Hines



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HIGHLAND CREAM  
Scotch Whisky

65 PROOF • Blended Scotch Whisky  
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# BRIDGE: I AM FROM CALIFORNIA

Sies:

Reading Charles Goren's article concerning the meeting of bridge instructors (*The Heart That Broke Par*, 81, Oct. 27), I was reminded of a phenomenon that I have encountered recently which I simply fail to comprehend.

Certain bridge players in this city (quite a number, in fact), while playing rubber bridge, make use of a bid called Winslow. The Winslow is injected into the bidding during the first round, and the oral bid is, simply, "Winslow." Whenever I hear this my sensibilities about strict and proper bidding are jolted and I become completely unjoined. However, they go on to tell me sincerely that the Winslow is categorized between one spade and one no trump; that the opposing team must bid one no trump or two of a suit to overbid the Winslow.

The Winslow bid means something, I don't know what, to the bidder's partner that is somewhat similar to the short club convention.

I have had this aborted bidding started at a table where I was playing, but I have always refused to recognize the bid, much less let it stand. I have also heard of its being much used in this area.

The people who use it attribute it directly to a Goren instructor here in Wichita Falls and swear that it is a Goren system.

I am from California and simply do not believe that there is any such thing. If there is, my wife and I are going to invent our own system of "dead soldier" or something equally as foolish.

Seriously, I have always blindly believed that the only correct bids in bridge were one, two, etc. clubs, diamonds, hearts, spades, or no trump—period!

Please give me an authoritative statement clearing up this matter that I may carry with me to the next bridge party I attend.

ANTHONY L. STOLZ

Wichita Falls, Texas

● There are only 16 words that can be used in bidding, and Winslow is not one of them.—ED.

## FITNESS: FRONTSPIECE

Sies:

You deserve a real commendation for the editorial "Washington Asks for Advice—Get It!" (*EVENTS & DISCOVERIES*, Oct. 27). This sort of coverage is excellent in bringing to the attention of the public the efforts being made to improve the fitness of our youth. To my knowledge, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* is the only magazine available which regularly covers this vital aspect of our present-day life.

I wholeheartedly agree with every recommendation made by the President's Citizens Advisory Committee. Especially excellent was the statement by Chairman Wadsworth, "What I want for my children... could well serve as a frontpiece for every curriculum guide and course of study in the nation's schools—for any area of the curriculum."

BOB IRVING

Consultant, Health and Recreation  
Sacramento

continued

# HAPPY DAYS! AT Sun Valley 1940



Long after vacation's end, you'll fondly recall each cherished moment of your Sun Valley holiday. Memories of diamond-tudded snow blanketing a fantastic wonderland of wintertime sports will bring to mind your most satisfying trip of all. One suggestion—why not make this the year?

for reservations.

Address: Mr. Winston McCrea, manager,  
Sun Valley, Idaho (see phone Sun Valley  
3311) or Union Pacific Railroad,  
Room 2533, Omaha 2, Neb., or  
see your local travel agent.



Owned and operated by

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD



DKW's two-stroke engine delivers a low-friction, silk-smooth stream of power, up to 80% greater than a conventional four-stroke of equal displacement.

Its efficiency peaks at maximum expressway speeds, where it can be safely held hour after hour.

DKW front-wheel drive permits a flat floor and armchair comfort for four, safely cradled in a solid, one-ton steel chassis.

Nimble handling, through synchromesh gears... light, positive steering... and glued-to-the-road stability make DKW a delight to drive and a pleasure to park. See your nearest DKW Dealer, or write us for his name.

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Edward B. Lee Motors, Inc.  
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## MID-WESTERN U. S.

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## WESTERN U. S.

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## CANADA

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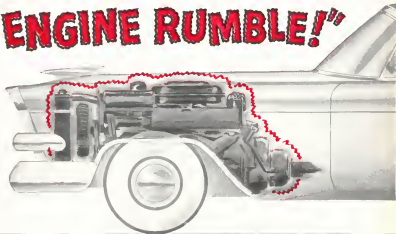




## CITIES SERVICE

FIRST to Announce a Solution for

# "ENGINE RUMBLE!"



Finds both cause and solution of the newest problem and biggest mystery confronting motorists!

New ultra-high compression engines are now confronting the American motorist with a new mysterious phenomenon which automotive engineers are calling "Engine Rumble."

"RUMBLE" is an unusual condition afflicting some of the highest powered '57 and '58 cars.

At various speeds, depending upon the mileage on these cars, a very disturbing sound occurs—like a thud, thump or a rumbling vibration in the engine.

**RESEARCH SCIENTISTS** at the Cities Service laboratories have discovered that "rumble" is caused by an accelerated rise in pressure in engines with 10 to 1 compression ratios or higher. This accelerated pressure rise acts off structural vibrations heard as "rumble."

Cities Service researchers found further that "rumble" could not be eliminated by increasing gasoline octane or

any other common measure. Instead, they saw the need for a completely new and different kind of protection—and so they perfected ANTI-RUMBLE.

**CITIES SERVICE ANTI-RUMBLE** is now contained exclusively in Cities Service SUPER S-D Gasoline.

No longer must you run the risk of "rumble" in your automobile. Now, AT NO INCREASE IN PRICE, you can get exclusive Anti-Rumble protection plus maximum octane and all other top performance features with Cities Service gasoline. Stop in and fill up at any Cities Service station today!



## New Anti-Rumble

now added to the five other top performance features found only in **Cities Service Super S-D Gasoline**

## Pat on the Back

James S. Ford



**HOMER C. WADSWORTH**

### *'Our children deserve exercise'*

SHOWN ABOVE are 19 pieces of sporting equipment, seven children and two adults. Together they make up the family of Homer Wadsworth of Kansas City, a man who practices what he has undertaken to preach.

Wadsworth is chairman of the Citizens Advisory Committee to the President's Council on Youth Fitness, a 129-man group that under his highly effective leadership has acquired the determination to see that those charged with developing a fitness program for American children come up with something that meets the very real and very immediate problem. Wadsworth's long-titled group is a large and scattered one dealing perforce through bureaucratic channels with a diffuse problem. To get a clear line on what could be done Wadsworth recently took stock of his own family's accomplishments.

Harriet, 14, is a fine swimmer, plays golf with her father; Marjorie, 5, has already learned to swim; Alice, 12, "can do almost anything" from acrobatics to playing the violin; Robert, the oldest and most scholarly at 16, leads a Cub Scout troop, plays golf and basketball; Clark, 9, is the family athlete, a strenuously competitive youngster who thinks and plays baseball "night and day"; Ethel, 7, is a good swimmer. Together the Wadsworth family are campers, hikers and "Kansas City's greatest picnickers." Looking at them, Homer Wadsworth has no difficulty in summing up what he thinks all children everywhere deserve: "the protection of soundly conceived and well-administered community services to promote healthy physical growth and development and the acquisition of modest skills in the constructive arts of leisure."

# Bright Snows that Painfully Blind

No one who has been caught in their awful glare will easily forget them

THE natural habitat of the skier is a field of white, light-reflecting crystals, blindingly beautiful in their piled up innocence and, on occasion, just menacing enough to be openly feared. On a sunshiny day in the high mountains the snow can blind, and it can blind in such an incredibly painful way that no one who has ever fallen victim to its stabbing glare will ever willingly run the risk again.

If you have ever wondered if you have been snow blind, you haven't. It is unmistakable and altogether different from the ordinary effects of overexposure. If you were to lie down, open your eyes wide and have someone ladle a teaspoon of sand into each (and see that the sand remained there for 24 hours), you would have a very accurate notion of what it feels like to be snow blind. No doubt you would do what all victims are tempted to do. You would rub your eyes, grinding misery upon hurt. Unless you

stopped—and fortunately most victims do—you might do permanent damage to your eyes. Instead, most likely, you would use superhuman will, force your hands away from your eyes and choke back the terrible anguish that all people feel when they suddenly realize that they have been struck by something they might well have avoided.

Luckily, snow blindness never strikes with the frequency or force of which it seems capable. The average recreational skier, wearing bad sunglasses—or none at all—usually gets off with a headache, bloodshot eyeballs and a dancing haze across his vision even on bright days. However, the fact that a skier has gotten away without being struck is no good reason he won't get hit sometime. Just when he feels safest and is least on his guard he may be afflicted.

The villain is ultraviolet, the same component of sunlight which causes sunburn. Ultraviolet is invisible, and the amount of ultraviolet in a given amount of sunlight varies considerably. Above 12,000 feet, under certain conditions, the haze and extremely

continued

UNDER INTENSIVE GLARE, GOGGLED MT. MCKINLEY SKIER BUILDS IGLOO AT 10,000 FEET



"The ski with the built-in Christy"

## HART METAL SKIS

It's a fact! On powder or hard-pack you'll ski smoother, turn easier on your Hart metals! Harts are the only metal skis with safety edges that cannot come out . . . with bevelled heels for effortless skiing.

### HART STANDARD

The classic "easy going" Hart for the recreational skier. A revelation in skiing.

Jet Black	\$79.50
Cherry, Cherry Red	
Flame, Aqua	\$84.50

### HART PROFESSIONAL

Developed for high speed, expert skiing under all snow conditions. Lightning fast reflex plus HARCO METAL SPEED BASE gives instant response.

Jet Black	\$94.50
Cherry Red or Aqua	\$99.50

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Downhill and slalom. Developed to meet the exacting needs of the racer. Slightly narrower and stiffer than the Professional. The last word in high speed maneuverability. With HARCO METAL SPEED BASE.

Jet Black	\$89.50
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Selected by PANAGRA for exclusive passenger use at Chile's great ski resorts.

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"So what's new?"

"This."

"What is it?"

"A wheel—just kicking an idea around."

"Heard the buzz?"

"Nape, what?"

"Fellow says something about a great Old-World-flavored beer particular people are going to enjoy soon."

"Soon?"

"Oh, 10,000,000 years—more or less."

"Too bad we're too early?"

"Yeah, seems a shame."



Prior Beer is custom-brewed to an Old-World formula for those who want something truly different in fine beer. Enjoy it at home; also served in leading restaurants and taverns. Just say the word, and the word is—



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BEER

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New-World  
Beer  
with the  
Old-World  
Flavor

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**GIANT ICE BLOCKS** dwarf hiker in region where snow yearly reaches 100-foot depth.

#### SNOWS THAT BLIND continued

fine dust that absorb much ultraviolet at lower altitudes are usually absent. Since the atmosphere has a miraculous way of dispersing these extremely short wavelengths of light so that at times the sky can contain three or four times as much ultraviolet as direct sunlight, the dangers can be readily appreciated.

Unfortunately, as in the case of sunburn, you never know when you are becoming overexposed to ultraviolet until it is too late. You never know when you are in danger. A number of short exposures within a single day are just as dangerous as if they had all been added into a single long exposure. There is a period of several hours during which, remarkably, no pain whatever is felt, though vision may become cloudy and indistinct.

Thereafter the symptoms pile up fast. The eyes begin to stream uncontrollably and within an hour the eyelids will redden and swell to the point where they can neither open all the way nor shut tightly. The slightest light (even through the lids) becomes a form of extreme torture. Every single involuntary blink is a stab of pain.

This may last only a few hours or, as in a very severe case I myself had in Alaska in 1933, it may totally incapacitate you for four or five days. Sleep is virtually impossible. Even the strongest man will be physically exhausted after a short seizure.

Once you have got it, there is al-

## Inimitable HEAD SKIS



more fun and fashion in  
**FRANCONIA**  
SKI APPAREL

Whether skier or spectator, **FRANCONIA** has created smart, new styles for you... the latest ski apparel designed for perfect fit and comfort.

See **FRANCONIA'S** "DEL-LASTIC" STRETCH PANTS of imported Anselmo. Real quality wool-blended with moisture wick. Men's about \$39.95. Women's about \$34.95.

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EXCLUSIVE SKI APPAREL

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most nothing that can be done to produce complete relief. Do not use even the weakest local anesthetics except when administered by a physician. They may seriously slow down the healing of the delicate epithelium, which has simply been sunburned. Every conceivable effort should be made to prevent scratching or other physical harm to the eye or lid.

This is easier said than done. It is almost impossible to keep your hands away. Therefore it is important to get cold compresses on your eyes before the pain drives you mad. An occasional plunge of the whole head into cold water always affords real, if brief, relief. When a doctor is not present, the foregoing rules, plus the passage of time, are your greatest allies.

Fortunately, the back of the eye (retina) is never affected, as the cornea absorbs all the ultraviolet before it gets there. The iris, which cuts down the amount of light entering the eye (as the diaphragm of a camera does), lies behind the cornea and in front of the lens. Not so fortunately, the normal and involuntary closing of the iris in intense light does not reduce the danger of snow blindness at all, since it protects the part of the eye behind the affected region.

There are ways to prevent snow blindness, of course. The most effective is to buy a good pair of sunglasses or goggles which will eliminate all the ultraviolet light—and wear them constantly. It is as simple as that.

When you buy sunglasses, though, keep in mind that the darkness of the glasses has no bearing on their own

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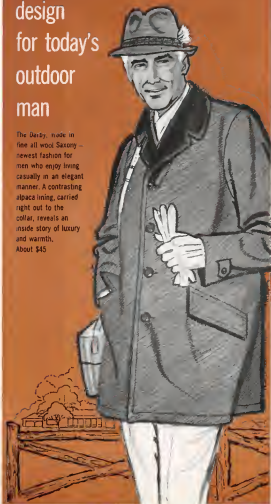


FROM BEYOND Ideal sunglasses, Author Bradford Washburn of Boston Museum of Science looks out across Mt. McKinley.

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## SNOWS THAT BLIND

capacity to filter out ultraviolet light. One of the better makes, American Optical's Rose Smoke lens, is not particularly dark, one reason for this being that the dye used to filter out ultraviolet is invisible.

A fairly dark dye in the same lens reduces glare by about 80%, thus eliminating eyestrain, headache and other after-ski symptoms of overexposed eyes. A good pair of glasses should also be much larger than ordinary spectacles and fit fairly close to the face. Goggles make better wind screens, but they tend to fog up when they cut off circulation of air around the eye.

In either case, a good pair of sunglasses will point up the texture and contour of the snow. They will relax you and, if you wear them regularly on the slopes, you will probably avoid the perils of snow blindness.

—BRADFORD WASHBURN



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